

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected, miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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**Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.**

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 285, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TEXT, No. 13, Knights of Maccauer—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COUNTESS WATSON, No. 6879, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Hutton, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Cusey, President; Miss B. M. Dunphy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OUR LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burdick, Master; William A. Langley, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 83, N. E. O. P.—Dudley L. Campbell, Warden; John D. Dwyer, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittle G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

RENEWED LODGE, No. 11, R. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin; Keeper of Records and Seal, Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Elected, Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 168—Robert B. Munroe, Chief; Alexander H. Miles, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

## Local Matters.

### Newporters in South.

The newspapers of the State have had thrilling accounts of the narrow escape from fire of members of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., who have been at the Jamestown Exposition. According to the newspaper despatches published last Saturday Mrs. David T. Pinniger, Mrs. A. B. Sayer, and Miss Edith M. Tilley of this city, together with other Rhode Islanders, barely escaped from their hotel when it burned. As a matter of fact however the hotel that they were in did not burn at all. An extract from a private letter received from a member of the delegation says: "We have had some startling experiences, but not so bad as the Providence papers made out. The Pine Beach people sent us to a new house for lodging, and a hotel across the street was burned in the early morning. They gave us very little time to dress and get out, but after all our house was barely scorched—didn't burn at all. The Rhode Island delegation took pity on us and we slept at the Rhode Island house for a night and then went to Norfolk.

### Malbone Lodge, N. E. O. P.

The regular meeting of Malbone Lodge was held Thursday evening in Mercury Hall. The regular business was transacted and a number of candidates initiated. After the close of the meeting which was enjoyed for several hours by the members and their friends. The first prizes were won by Mrs. M. Clifton King and Mr. William D. Tew; the second prizes by Mrs. George A. Peckham and Mr. William Hall; the third prizes by Mrs. Frank L. Smith and Mr. Harry S. West.

Light refreshments were served during the evening.

A large number of applications for membership in the Newport County Club have been received, and the club quarters present a very lively aspect every evening. The new house committee has proved to be energetic and resourceful, providing plenty of entertainment for the members. A supper is served in the rooms each Saturday evening.

Senator Geo. Peabody Wetmore is in Washington, but will return to Newport in a few days and begin his campaign for the fall.

### Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was rather quiet, the only feature of particular interest being the request of Clarence A. Hammett, custodian of the Custom House, for permission to install a ventilating grating in the sidewalk adjoining the government building on Franklin street. As there had previously been a difference of opinion between the city and the government as to the ownership of the sidewalk that at first gave promise of much unpleasantness, this was regarded as a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. The government had claimed to own the sidewalk and when it was found necessary to work beneath the sidewalk proposed to do so without asking permission of the city. City Street Commissioner Sullivan ordered the work stopped until a permit was obtained. As the custodian at first refused to apply for a permit a long altercation was feared.

At the meeting on Thursday evening Custodian Clarence A. Hammett appeared before the board and made application for a permit to do the necessary work. He explained that owing to the fact that the addition to the building would cover all the available land it would be necessary to have the ventilation of the basement come through the sidewalk. He said that he was not asking for favors from the city of Newport, but that the addition was being built in response to demands from the people of Newport and it was they that would be the recipients of any favor. He did not waive the claim of the government to ownership of the sidewalk. The permit was granted without much discussion and the rights of the city and government were not interfered with.

The salaries of the three tax assessors amounting to \$400 each were ordered paid, the assessment having been completed. George F. Spencer was elected a weigher at the city quay at \$2 a day during the season. The contract for repairing the Elm street and Ann street piers was awarded to J. K. Sullivan, the duly bidder, at \$300.

There was some discussion over the petition for a light on the fountain on Washington square. An electric light had been suggested but this was reported to be not easily feasible. It was proposed to put in a gaslight there and Chief Kirwin was instructed to see if the pole could be brought from the Broadway fountain and adjusted. A catch basin was ordered installed on Calender avenue.

The weekly pay rolls of the various departments were approved.

### Submarine Boat Tests.

The submarine torpedo boat tests in Narragansett Bay have attracted much attention this week. The government board has assembled here and the boats are being put through a strict competitive test. The submarine Octopus was scheduled for the first trial on Wednesday, and started out for the standardization trial. While making a preliminary warming up spin she met with a slight accident to the machinery which necessitated a discontinuance of the test for that day. The accident was nothing more serious than might be expected from running new machinery at high speed and can be quickly repaired.

The submarine Lake was ordered to be in readiness on Thursday and was given a successful trial. The tests on that day were for speed surface trials in light and cruising condition and she made a record of eight and a half knots over the measured mile. The trial lasted from 9 o'clock in the morning until nearly 4 in the afternoon.

On Friday the Octopus was taken out again for the trials that had to be postponed from Wednesday owing to her accident.

### Commandery Outing.

The committee in charge of the Knights Templars outing on June 8, when Washington Commandery will entertain Holy Sepulchre Commandery of Pawtucket, and Narragansett Commandery of Westerly, are busily at work completing the programme for the day, which will include a short parade, a dinner, a sail in the harbor, landing at the Training Station and Fort Adams where special drills may be held, and an entertainment in Masonic Hall to close the day. There will be enough doing to keep everybody busy for the day. The committee of Washington Commandery are Sir Andrew K. McMahon, chairman; Em. Sir T. T. Bowler, secretary; Em. Sir George C. Lawton, commander; Sir R. W. Curry, Captain General; Em. Sir Robert S. Franklin, prelate; Em. Sir William H. Langley, Sir Herbert Bliss and Sir John D. Richardson.

The Electra will soon be placed in commission for the summer. Mate Iverson has returned from New York with the crew.

### Paint Store Fire.

There was a costly fire in the paint and paper store of Ralph R. Barker on Spring street last Sunday morning, and there were great possibilities of a bad conflagration in that neighborhood. The damage sustained will aggregate over \$6,000, fully covered by insurance. While this will rank as one of the most expensive fires of recent months the neighbors rejoiced that it was no worse.

It was about 9 o'clock Sunday morning when the fire was discovered from the residence of Mr. L. K. Carr who lives in the rear of the paint shop. An alarm was rung from box 34 on the Franklin Bakery next door and when the department responded there were dense clouds of smoke all about the building. Hose was quickly laid and streams of water were soon fighting the flames. Owing to the dangerous nature of the stock—paints, oils, wall papers, etc.—a long hard fight was expected. Fortunately the explosive oils were stored in a buried tank in the yard so there were no casualties connected with the fire.

The worst of the fire seemed to be in the rear of the store. It worked upstairs and considerable damage was done to the wall paper stock by fire and smoke and water. It was a long time before the fire was entirely out, the building being so well filled with smoke that it seemed as though there might be some fire for a long while.

The cause of the fire could not be definitely decided. There was some talk of electric wires and also spontaneous combustion was mentioned as a possible cause. There was no fire in the building and everything was left in good condition when the store was closed on Saturday.

The insurance adjusters were here on Wednesday and the loss on the building was placed at \$1,205.89 and on the stock at \$4,895.88, making a total of \$6,101.87. The amount of insurance carried was \$12,600.

### The Tax Assessment.

The tax assessors have completed the assessment of the tax for the year 1907 and the books have been turned over to the city clerk to make an official copy.

The value of real estate is given as \$36,116,800, of personal estate \$12,963,400, making the total valuation \$49,080,200, and the total tax at the ratio of \$12 on each \$1000 will be \$588,962.40. Last year's figures were: Real estate \$36,007,600, personal estate \$11,811,800, total \$47,819,400, amount of tax \$573,754.80. There is therefore a gain of \$15,200 in real estate, of \$1,152,100 in personal estate, making a total gain of \$1,267,300, yielding a gain in amount of tax of \$15,207.60.

### Thick Fog.

There was a dense fog in the bay and harbor on Tuesday afternoon and evening and in consequence navigation was difficult and dangerous. In Bristol harbor the steamer Sagamore, of the Newport & Providence Railway was bumped by the City of Haverhill but no damage was done and there was no excitement on either vessel.

The Jamestown ferry boat made her trips during the worst of the fog and only the vigilance of her officers prevented accidents as several times vessels loomed up through the fog in such close proximity that quick stops had to be made.

Mr. Roscoe P. Colman, who died in Providence last Saturday after a brief illness of typhoid fever, was well known in this city. His widow is a daughter of the late Orland Freeborn, formerly of this city. A number of his Newport friends attended his funeral in Providence on Tuesday.

Mrs. Maria Topham, widow of Mr. John Topham, died in Woolwich, Me., on Friday last week, at the advanced age of 82 years. The body was brought to this city on Tuesday for interment.

Mr. Charles C. Topham has been appointed superintendent of the new postoffice station at Allston, Mass. Mr. Topham is a nephew of Judge James G. Topham of this city.

The gymnasium classes of the Hazard Memorial School gave a very successful exhibition on Wednesday evening, in the presence of a large number of friends.

Dr. and Mrs. William T. Bull have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Charles DeKousey Oelrichs at the "Dudley Place."

The annual inspection of the Newport Artillery Company will take place on the evening of May 14.

Mrs. Dunham A. Hazard and daughter are visiting in Providence.

Miss Katherine Neff is visiting in New York.

Coke John Jacob Astor is in London.

### Newport Artillery Company.

The sixth annual supper of the Newport Artillery on Monday evening was combined with a reunion of the past and present members of the company, with their ladies. A very pleasant evening was passed and much interest was evinced in the affairs of the oldest active military organization in the United States. The receiving line was headed by Lieutenant Colonel Edwin F. Cooper and as the guests assembled they were given an opportunity to look over the recently finished armory where everything was spick and span.

About 175 persons sat down at the three long tables in the drill hall where the supper was served. The tables looked very attractive and the supper was excellent. Rev. E. H. Porter, D. D., chaplain of the command, invoked a blessing and then the members and their guests fell to with a will. Catchy souvenirs were presented, those for the ladies consisting of mirrors, and for the men miniature canyons with cigarettes concealed in the base.

After the supper had been disposed of, speeches were in order. Captain Frank P. King acting as toastmaster. The speakers included John P. Sanborn, Hon. Robert S. Franklin, Hon. William P. Clarke, Mr. Charles E. Harvey, Col. Andrew K. McMahon, Colonel Herbert Bliss, Colonel E. C. Danforth, and Rev. Dr. Porter. Captain Willis C. Metcalf, U. S. A., and Dr. C. F. Barker, who had been assigned tonight, were unable to be present.

The annual meeting of the company was held on Tuesday evening with an unusually large attendance. There were sharp contests for several of the offices, particularly for major in which Sidney D. Harvey beat out George S. Flagg by 60 to 19. For captain, Frank S. Patterson was elected by 49 votes to 31 for William Knowe, and for the vacancy in the quartermaster's office Robert C. Ebbes received 58 votes to 21 for A. A. Sherman. Harold M. Sherman was a candidate for reelection as paymaster but was beaten by Charles L. Adams, 41 to 38.

The officers elected were as follows: Colonel—Charles L. F. Robinson. Lieutenant Colonel—Edwin E. Cooper. Major—Sidney D. Harvey. Captain—Frank S. Patterson. Captain and Adjutant—Frank P. King.

Lieutenant and Quartermaster—Robert C. Ebbes.

Lieutenant and Paymaster—Charles L. Adams.

Lieutenant and Commissary—Silas H. Hazard.

Major and Surgeon—Christopher F. Barker, M. D.

Lieutenant and Assistant Surgeon—H. H. Luther, D. M. D.

Lieutenant and Chaplain—Rev. E. H. Porter, D. D.

Lieutenant and Inspector of Rifle Practice—John J. Peckham.

Lieutenant and Assistant Paymaster—Clarence A. Penbody.

Second Sergeant—Gustave H. Blount.

Third Sergeant—Charles W. Swanson.

Fourth Sergeant—Harry H. Hayden.

Fifth Sergeant—William T. Dawley.

Lee S. Holden who was shot and killed by his wife who at the same time shot her son and committed suicide in Providence on Monday was known in Newport. He was a business partner of Arthur L. Smith who married Miss Alice Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander W. Thompson of this city. Mr. Smith was a brother of Mrs. Holden, whose sudden insanity was responsible for the terrible tragedy.

Mrs. Ross R. Whams died in Paris this week. They have not spent much time at their handsome cottage here of late years and some time ago it was placed in the hands of a real estate agent to be disposed of. The two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Whams are in school in England as the family has passed most of the time abroad lately.

The board of aldermen held a short meeting on Tuesday evening when the jury lists were prepared and approved for the year. Alderman Kane of the special committee presented recommendations for the better care of the public dump, and the matter was left over for consideration at the regular meeting on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Elizabeth Austin died at Howard, R. I., last Saturday, having been in poor health for a long time. She was the widow of Charles G. Austin and mother of Mrs. Arthur L. Gilman.

The two hundred and sixty-eighth anniversary of the settlement of Newport was observed on Wednesday. The flags on the public schools were raised and there was an informal observance of the day by the teachers and pupils.

Miss Jeannette H. Swasey, who has been visiting in Baltimore and Jamestown, Va., has returned to her home in this city.

Mrs. Joseph T. Jones, who has been on an extended visit to Washington and other places, has returned home.

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes has been enjoying a week's vacation on the Hudson.

### Wedding Bells.

Lawton-Wetherell.

Upon invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Miesch W. Wetherell, Emmanuel Church was filled with relatives and friends Tuesday evening to witness the marriage of their daughter, Miss Jennie Estelle Wetherell, to Mr. William C. Lawton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lawton. The church was handsomely decorated with palms and cut flowers. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father and looked very sweet, wearing a dress of white crepe de Chine trimmed with Irish crochet lace with a thread lace edge. Her veil was caught up with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Hannah Wetherell, a sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and she wore a dress of white silk dotted with trimmings of lace.

Miss Jennie Stoddard of this city and Miss Ruth Smith of North Southfield were the bridesmaids. They wore dresses of embroidered chiffon. Mr. Howard Lawton, a brother of the groom, was the best man and the ushers were Messrs. Raymond Wetherell, brother of the bride, Edward Lawton, brother of the groom, James P. Marchington and Ray Goff.

A wedding reception was held at the home of the bride's parents on Wesley street, where the many friends of the young couple gathered to offer congratulations and best wishes for their future happiness. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and costly gifts. Refreshments were served during the reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawton left on the 9 o'clock train for Boston on their wedding trip. On their return they will reside at 19 Cranston avenue.

### Recent Deaths.

Rev. H. B. Cady.

Rev. Hopkins B. Cady, formerly pastor of the Thames Street Methodist Episcopal Church, died at the residence of his stepson, Dr. John A. Young, Thursday evening, after a long illness. He had retired from the ministry something over a year ago on account of failing health and since that time had made his home in this city.

Mr. Cady was born in Plainfield, Conn., in 1841, but most of his life had been passed in this State, his family having removed to Providence while he was still young. He had occupied many pastorate within the jurisdiction of the New England Southern Conference of the Methodist Church, being in charge of the Thames Street Church in this city for three years. Here, as everywhere, he made many friends, and was regarded as an able, educated and inspiring preacher, embodying in his personal character those traits that he earnestly advocated from the pulpit. He was a veteran of the Civil War and had occupied important offices in the Grand Army.

After the completion of a four years' pastorate at the Methodist Church in Warren, Mr. Cady felt compelled by ill health to relinquish his pastoral duties and came to Newport to spend his remaining days. He is survived by a widow, one son, Mr. William A. Cady, of Providence, and one daughter, Mrs. William L. Tiedale of Brooklyn; also three step-children, Mr. Solomon Young of Boston and Dr. John A. Young and Miss Abbie F. Young of this city.

Miss Emily O. Gibbs.

Miss Emily O. Gibbs died at her residence on Rhode Island avenue last Saturday evening, death resulting from old age. She had been in poor health for some time and had become very eccentric during the later years of her life. She lived alone with her servants, and recently even these were sent away from the house but attendants were subsequently installed.

Miss Gibbs was of Southern parentage, being a daughter of Robert Mason and Emily Oliver Gibbs, who owned a large estate on Rhode Island avenue, running from Beach street to Bath road. After the death of her parents Miss Gibbs and her sister, Miss Sarah Gibbs, occupied the house together until the latter's death.

Miss Gibbs was well known in society and was a member of the Town and Country Club. A sister survives her, Mrs. Edwin A. Post, who resides in New York.

The tax assessors have placed a tax on the furnishings of many of the cottages of the summer residents which amounts to a considerable measure for the increase in the personal property valuation.

The Artillery Company will go to Warren on May 18th to attend a fair held by the Warren Artillery.

Mr. Walter S. Langley is visiting his brother in Waterbury, Ct.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Caswell have arrived for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Bulkley are in New York.

### Middletown.

At the adjourned meeting of the Town Council held on Monday, April 29, it was decided to award the contract for furnishing crushed stone to Peckham Brothers, whose quarry is in Middletown. The four surveyors were present and testified that for the greater number of highways requiring crushed stone, the increased cost of carting from Newport would over balance the difference in the price of stone, as offered by Joseph P. Cotton and J. J. Dogan.

Joshua Coggeshall was appointed a Committee to contract with some physician for the vaccination of children desiring of entering school and any other people needing to be vaccinated. The five school houses and town hall were designated as places convenient for assembling those seeking treatment.

Mrs. R. W. H. Peckham, who has been quite ill, is gradually improving.

Under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union a very successful musical was held on Wednesday evening at the Studio and home of Mr. and Mrs. Irving A. Corey on Aquidneck Avenue. The price of admission was the privilege of paying for dining out their weight, as each guest, upon entering, was invited by Mr. Chairman Grinnell to step upon his scales and be weighed. Mrs. J. Oscar Peckham was in charge of the entrance fees which were rated as a penny for each ten pounds. This caused a great deal of amusement and netted the treasury the sum of five dollars. The program, which was in charge of Mrs. R. J. Grinnell, the president, Mrs. Irving A. Corey and Mrs. H. H. Critchlow, was excellent, calling for much applause and many encores. It included vocal solos, selections upon the piano, violin and cello, also several readings and recitations. During the evening, Mrs. Corey was presented in behalf of the Union, with a book, "The Life of Sam Willard." Mrs. R. J. Grinnell, the president, making the presentation speech which was responded to in an appreciative manner by Mrs. Corey. A collation was served followed by a social, and many more musical numbers were given which added to the pleasure of the evening.

The Ladies of Holy Cross Guild held their monthly "dinner" supper at their Guild House Wednesday evening. There was an excellent attendance, and brown bread and beans were served followed by a social.

St. Columba's Guild was entertained on Thursday afternoon at Gray Craig Park by Mrs. Nathan Smith.

Miss Anna R. Chase entertained the "Teachers' Club" of the Sunday Schools of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Chapel parties on Monday evening at the home of her brother, Mr. George Chase on the West Main Road. The leading topic of the meeting was "The Religious Rights of Children." A helpful article was read upon the subject by Miss Chase followed by questions, remarks and suggestions. At the close of the meeting singing was much enjoyed led by Mrs. Philip Wilbur and Mrs. Pascal M. Conley, Miss Helen Sisson presiding at the piano. Refreshments were served.

The May meeting will be held with its president, Mrs. Elbert Sisson on the 20th.

Mrs. Elsie Clark Peckham celebrated on Friday the 77th anniversary of her birth at her home, "Seven Pines," on Peckham avenue. She was the recipient of many gifts and flowers, and received informal calls during the day from many of her numerous children, 11 of whom are living, and who are a source of intense pleasure and comfort to her.

The members of the Methodist Episcopal church are planning a series of interesting exercises for the week beginning May 13 which is to be their "jubilee week," celebrating their 50th anniversary.

Thursday evening of next week Aquidneck Grange will give a public Vaudeville entertainment at the town hall followed by dancing. There is much talent in the Grange and the affair promises to be very attractive and entertaining. "A Chaffing Dish Tragedy," a light comedy which was so successfully given before the Grange at their last meeting, is to be repeated that evening.

Mr. Charles A. Peckham's injured limb is gradually growing stronger and he is able to get about quite a little by the aid of crutches.

Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hart are entertaining Mr. Hart's mother, Mrs. Lydia Hart of Newport for a few days.

Mr. Christopher S. Peckham has recovered from his long recent illness and seems to be apparently in his former health.

The afternoon services at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, which have been discontinued through the winter, will be resumed on Sunday at 4 o'clock for the summer.

Mr. William Smith of Paradise Avenue has had an ill turn the past week and has been quite helpless. He will be 89 years old the first of June. His failing health of the past year has been due to his advancing years. His son Mr. Arnold Smith, and his daughter, Miss Ellen Smith, are with him.

### Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented to Ernest V. Sandstrom, U. S. Navy, for the owner, Ira W. Wilbur, Jr., the lower half of the double house No. 17½ Channing street.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the premises, consisting of a store and dwelling on the northerly side of Franklin street known as No. 14, for the owner Dennis Shaughan, to Andrew W. Lockey on a lease.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for Mr. Harriet S. Ware, of Providence, R. I., the upper half of the two-story house, corner of Broadway and Pleasant street, to S. R. Opeashaw.

# THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,  
Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

Furious and red, he staggered round to look at her.

"You wretched little wildcat, what do you mean by that?" he broke out.

"Don't you touch Joe!" she panted. "Don't you!"

"Don't you?" he said, and there was a break in her voice as she faced him. She could not finish the repetition of that cry. "Don't you touch Joe!"

But there was no break in the spirit, that passion of protection which had dealt the blow. Both boys looked at her, somewhat aghast.

Eugene recovered himself. He swung round upon his heel, restored his hat to his head with precision, picked up his stick and touched his banjo case with it.

"Carry that into the house," he said indifferently to his stepbrother.

"Don't you do it!" said the girl hotly between her chattering teeth.

Eugene turned toward her, wearing the sharp edge of a smile. Not removing his eyes from her face, he produced with deliberation a flat silver box from a pocket, took therefrom a cigarette, replaced the box, extracted a smaller silver box from another pocket, shook out of it a fusee, slowly lit the cigarette—this in a splendid silence, which he finally broke to say languidly, but with particular distinctness:

"Ariel Taber, go home!"

The girl's teeth stopped chattering. Her lips remaining parted, she shook the hair out of her eyes and stared at him as if she did not understand, but Joe Louden, who had picked up the banjo case obediently, burst into cheerful laughter.

"That's it, Gene," he cried gaily. "That's the way to talk to her."

"Slow it, you young cub," replied Eugene, not turning to him. "Do you think I'm trying to be amusing?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'slow it,'" Joe began, "but if—"

"I mean," interrupted the other, not relaxing his faintly smiling stare at the girl—"I mean that Ariel Taber is to go home. Really we can't have this kind of thing occurring upon our front lawn!"

The flush upon her wet cheeks deepened and became dark. Even her arm grew redder as she gazed back at him. In his eyes was patent his complete realization of the figure she cut of this bare arm, of the strew hair, of the fallen stocking, of the ragged shoulder of her blouse, of her patched skirt, of the whole disheveled little figure. He was the master of the house, and he was sending her home as if behaved children are sent home by neighbors.

The immobile, amused superiority of this proprietor of silver boxes, this wearer of strange and brilliant garments, became slightly intensified as he pointed to the fallen sleeve, a rag of red and snow, lying near her feet.

"You might take that with you?" he said interrogatively.

Her gaze had not wavered in meeting his, but at this her cynicism began to wink uncontrollably, her chin to tremble. She bent over the sleeve and picked it up before Joe Louden, who had started toward her, could do it for her. Then turning, her head still bent so that her face was hidden from both of them, she ran out of the gate.

Ariel ran along the fence until she came to the next gate, which opened upon a walk leading to a shabby, ramshackle old house of one story, with a very long, low porch, once painted white, running the full length of the front. Ariel sprang upon the porch and disappeared within the house.

Joe stood looking after her, his eyes winking as he said, "You oughtn't to have treated her that way," he said huskily.

"Pick up that banjo case again and come on," commanded Mr. Bantry tartly. "Where's the matter?"

Joe stared at him. "Where's what?"

"The matter!" was the frowning reply.

"Oh, yes, I know!" said Joe, looking at his stepbrother curiously. "I've seen



"Don't you dare to touch Joe!" she cried. It is stories. She's upstairs. You'll be a surprise. You're wearing lots of clothes, Gene."

"I suppose it will seem so to Canaan," returned the other wearily. "Governor or feeling ill?"

"I never saw him," Joe replied, then caught himself. "Oh, I see what you mean! Yes, he's all right."

"They had come into the hall, and Eugene was removing the long coat, while

his stepbrother looked at him thoughtfully.

"Gene," asked the latter in a softened voice, "have you seen Mamie Pike yet?"

"You will find, my young friend," responded Mr. Bantry. "If you ever go about much outside of Canaan, that ladies' names are not supposed to be mentioned indiscriminately."

"It's only," said Joe, "that I wanted to say that there's a dance at their house tonight. I suppose you'll be going."

"Certainly. Are you?"

Both knew that the question was needless, but Joe answered gently:

"Oh, no, of course not." He leaned over and fumbled with one foot as if to fasten a loose shoestring. "She wouldn't be very likely to ask me."

"Well, what about it?"

"Only that—that Ariel Taber's going."

"Indeed!" Eugene paused on the stairs, which he had begun to ascend. "Very interesting."

"I thought," continued Joe hopefully, straightening up to look at him, "that maybe you'd dance with her. I don't believe many will ask her—I'm afraid they won't—and if you would, even only once, it would kind of make up for"—he faltered—"for out there," he finished, nodding his head in the direction of the gate.

If Eugene roused himself any reply it was lost in a loud, shrill cry from above, as a small, intensely nervous looking woman in blue silk ran half-way down the stairs to meet him and caught him tearfully in her arms.

"Dear old mother!" said Eugene. Joe went out of the front door quickly.

## CHAPTER III.

THE door which Ariel had entered opened upon a narrow hall, and down this she ran to her own room, passing, with face averted, the entrance to the broad, low-ceilinged chamber that had served Roger Taber as a studio for almost fifty years. He was sitting there now, in a hopeless and disconsolate attitude, with his back toward the double doors, which were open, and had been open since their hinges had begun to give way, when Ariel was a child. Hearing her step, he called her name, but did not turn, and, receiving no answer, sighed faintly as he heard her own door close upon her.

Then as his eyes wandered about the many canvases which leaned against the dingy walls he sighed again. Usually they showed their brown backs, but today he had turned them all to face outward. Twilight, sunset, moonlight (the courtyard in moonlight), dawn, morning, noon (Main street at noon), high summer, first spring, red autumn, midwinter, all were there. Illegibly detailed, worked to a smoothness like a glaze and all lovingly done with unthinkable labor.

After a time the old man got up, went to his easel near a window and, sighing again, began patiently to work upon one of these failures—a portrait in oil of a savage old lady, which he was doing from a photograph. The expression of the mouth and the shape of the nose had not pleased her descendants and the beneficiaries under the will, and it was upon the images of these features that Roger labored. He leaned far forward, with his face close to the canvas, holding his brushes after the Spencerian fashion, working steadily through the afternoon and when the light grew dimmer, leaning closer to his canvas to see. When it had become almost dark in the room he lit a student lamp with a green glass shade and, placing it upon a table beside him, continued to paint. Ariel's voice interrupted him at last.

"It's quitting time, grandfather," she called gently from the doorway behind him.

He sank back in his chair, conscious for the first time of how tired he had grown. "I suppose so," he said, "though it seemed to me I was just getting my hand in." His eyes brightened for a moment. "I declare, I believe I've caught it a great deal better. Come and look, Ariel. Doesn't it seem to you that I'm getting it? Those pearly shadows in the flesh?"

"I'm sure of it. Those people ought to be very proud to have it." She came to him quietly, took the palette and brushes from his hands and began to clean them, standing in the shadow behind him. "It's too good for them."

"No," he murmured in return. "You can do much better yourself. Your sketches show it."

"No, not!" she protested quickly.

"Yes, they do, and I wondered if it was only because you were young. But those I did when I was young are almost the same as the ones I paint now. I haven't learned much. There hasn't been any one to show me. And you can't learn from print, never! Yet I've grown in what I see—grown so that the world is full of beauty to me that I never dreamed of seeing when I began. But I can't paint it. I can't get it on the canvas. Ah, I think I might have known how to if I hadn't had to teach myself. If I could only have seen how some of the other fellows did their work. If I'd ever saved money to get away from Canaan—if I could have gone away from it and come back knowing how to paint it—if I could have got to Paris for just one month! Paris for just one month!"

"Perhaps we will. You can't tell what may happen." It was always her reply to this cry of his.

"You're young, you're young." He smiled indulgently. "What were you doing all this afternoon, child?"

"In my room, trying to make over mamma's wedding dress for tonight."

"Tough luck!"

"Mamma Pike invited me to a dance at their house."

"Very well. I'm glad you're going to be gay," he said, not seeing the faintly bitter smile that came to her face.

"I don't think I'll be very gay," she answered. "I don't know why I go. Nobody ever asks me to dance."

"Why not?" he asked, with an old man's astonishment.

"I don't know. Perhaps it's because I don't dress very well." Then, as he made a sorrowful gesture, she cut him off before he could speak. "Oh, it isn't altogether because we're poor. It's more I don't know how to wear what I've got, the way some girls do. I never cared much and—well, I'm not worrying. Roger. And I think I've done a good deal with mamma's dress. It's a very grand dress. I wonder I never thought of wearing it until today. I may be"—she laughed and blushed—"I may be the belle of the ball—who knows?"

"You'll want me to walk over with you and come for you afterward, I expect."

"Only to take me. It may be late when I come away—if a good many should ask me to dance for once. Of course I could come home alone. But Roger Louden is going to sort of hang around outside, and he'll meet me at the gate and see me safe home."

"Oh!" he exclaimed blankly.

"Isn't it all right?"

"I think I'd better come for you," he answered gently. "The truth is, I—I think you'd better not be with Joe Louden a great deal."

"Why?"

"Well, he doesn't seem a vicious boy to me, but I'm afraid he's getting milder a bad name, my dear."

"He's not getting one," she said gravely. "He's already got one. He's



"If I could have got to Paris for just one month!"

had a bad name in Canaan for a long while. It grew in the first place out of shabbiness and mischief, but it did grow, and if people keep on giving him a bad name the time will come when he'll live up to it. He's not any worse than I am, and I guess my own name isn't too good—for a girl. And yet, so far, there's nothing against him except his bad name."

"I'm afraid there is," said Roger. "It doesn't look very well for a young man of his age to be doing up better than delivering papers."

"It gives him time to study law," she answered quickly. "If he clerked all day in a store he couldn't."

"I didn't know he was studying now. I thought I'd heard that he was in a lawyer's office for a few weeks last year and was turned out for setting fire to it with a pipe!"

"It was an accident," she interposed. "But some pretty important papers were burned, and after that none of the other lawyers would have him."

"He's not in an office," she admitted. "I didn't mean that. But he studies a great deal. He goes to the courts all the time they're in session, and he's bought some books of his own."

"Well, perhaps," he assented, "but they say he gambles and drinks and that last week Judge Pike threatened to have him arrested for throwing dice with some negroes behind the judge's stable."

"What of it? I'm about the only nice person in town that will have anything to do with him—and nobody except you thinks I'm very nice!"

"Ariel! Ariel!"

"I know all about his gambling with darts, his continued excitement, her voice rising, and I know that he goes to saloons and that he's an intimate friend of half the riffraff in town. And I know the reason for it, too, because he's told me. He wants to know them, to understand them, and he says some day they'll make him a power, and then he can help them!"

The old man laughed helplessly. "But I can't let him bring you home, my dear."

She came to him slowly and laid her hands upon his shoulders. Grandfather and granddaughter were nearly of the same height, and she looked squarely into his eyes. "Then you must say it is because you want to come for me, not because I mustn't come with Joe."

"But I think it is a little because you mustn't come with Joe," he answered, "especially from the Pikes. Don't you see that it mightn't be well for Joe himself if the judge should happen to see him? I understand he warned the boy to keep away from the neighborhood entirely or he would have him locked up for dice throwing. The judge is a very influential man, you know, and as determined in matters like this as he is irritable."

"Oh, if you put it on that ground," the girl replied, her eyes softening, "I think you'd better come for me yourself."

"Very well, I put it on that ground," he returned, smiling upon her.

"Then I'll send Joe word and get supper," she said, kissing him.

It was the supper hour not only for them, but everywhere in Canaan, and the cold air of the streets bore up and

down and around corners the smelt of things frying. The dining room windows of all the houses threw bright patches on the snow of the side yards. The windows of other rooms, except those of the kitchens, were dark, for the rule of the place was Puritanism in thrift, as in all things, and the good housekeepers disputed every record of the meters with unhappy gas collectors.

There was no better housekeeper in town than Mrs. Louden, nor a thrifter, but hers was one of the few houses in Canaan that evening which showed bright lights in the front rooms while the family were at supper. It was proof of the agitation caused by the arrival of Eugene that she forgot to turn out the gas in her parlor and in the chamber she called a library on her way to the evening meal.

Joe escaped as soon as he could, though not before the count of his later slugs had been set before Eugene in detail, in mass and in all of their depth, breadth and thickness. His father spoke but once after nodding heavily to confirm all points of Mrs. Louden's recital.

"You better use any influence you've got with your brother," he said to Eugene, "to make him come to time. I can't do anything with him. If he gets in trouble, he needn't come to me! I'll never help him again. I'm tired of it!"

Joe's movements throughout the earlier part of that evening are of uncertain report. It is known that he made a partial payment of 45 cents at a second-hand book store for a number of volumes, "Grundstaff on Torts" and some others, which he had negotiated on the installment system. It is also believed that he won 23 cents playing seven-up in the little room behind Louie Farbach's bar, but these things are of little import compared to the established fact that at 11 o'clock he was one of the ball guests at the Pike mansion.

He took no active part in the festivities, nor was he one of the dancers. His was, on the contrary, the role of a quiet observer. He lay stretched at full length upon the floor of the inclosed porch—one of the strips of canvas was later found to have been loosened—wedged between the outer railing and a row of palms in green tubs.

It was not to play eavesdropper that the untutored Joe had come. He was not there to listen, and it is possible that had the captains of other windows afforded him the chance to behold the dance he might not have risked the dangers of his present position. He had not the slightest interest in the whispered requisites that he heard. He watched only to catch now and then over the shoulders of the dancers a furtive glimpse of a pretty head that fitted across the window—the number hair of Mamie Pike. He shivered in the drafts, and the floor of the porch was cement, painful to elbow and knee, the space where he lay cramped and narrow, but the golden bubbles of her hair, the shimmer of her dainty pink dress and the fluffy wave of her lace scarf as she crossed and recrossed in a waltz left him apparently in no discontent. He watched with parted lips, his pale cheeks reddening whenever those fair glimpses were his. At last she came out to the veranda with Eugene and sat upon a little divan, so close to Joe that, daring wildly in the shadow, he reached out a trembling hand and let his fingers rest upon the end of her scarf, which had fallen from her shoulders and touched the floor. She sat with her back to him, as did Eugene.

"You have changed, I think," since last summer," he heard her say reflectively.

"For the worse, ma chérie?" Joe's expression might have been worth seeing when Eugene said "ma chérie," for it was known in the Louden household that Mr. Bantry had failed to pass his examination in the French language.

"No," she answered. "But you have seen so much and accomplished so much since then. You have become so polished and so—" She paused and then continued: "But perhaps I'd better not say it. You might be offended."

"No. I want you to say it," he returned confidently, and his confidence was fully justified, for she said:

"Well, then, I mean that you have become so thoroughly a man of the world. Now I've said it! You are offended, aren't you?"

"Not at all; not at all," replied Mr. Bantry, preventing by a masterful effort his pleasure from showing in his face.

"Then I'm glad," she whispered, and Joe saw his stepbrother touch her hand, but she rose quickly. "There's the music," she cried happily. "It's a waltz, and it's yours."

Joe heard his little high heels tapping gaily toward the window, followed by the heavier tread of Eugene, but he did not watch them go.

He lay on his back, with the hand that had touched Mamie's scarf pressed across his closed eyes.

The music of the waltz was of the old-fashioned swingingly sorrowful sort, and it would be hard to say how long it was after that before he could hear the air played without a recurrence of the bitterness of that moment. The rhythmic pulses of the violins was in such accord with a faint sound of weeping which he heard near him presently that for a little while he believed this sound to be part of the music and part of himself. Then it became more distinct, and he raised himself on one elbow to look about.

Very close to him, sitting upon the divan in the shadow, was a girl wearing a dress of beautiful silk. She was crying softly, her face in her hands.

CHAPTER IV.

ARIEL had worked all the afternoon over her mother's wedding gown, and two hours were required by her to get for the dance. She curled her hair frizzily, burning it here and there, with a slate pencil heated over a lamp chimney, and she placed above one ear three or four large artificial roses, taken from an old hat of her mother's, which she had found in a trunk in the storeroom. Possessing no slippers, she carefully blacked and polished her shoes, which had been clumsily resoled, and fastened into the strings of each small rosettes of red ribbon, after which she

practiced swinging the train of her skirt until she was proud of her manipulation of it. She had no powder, but found in her grandfather's room a lump of magnesia that he was in the habit of taking for heartburn and passed it over and over her brown face and hands. Then a lingering gaze into her small mirror gave her joy at last. She yearned so hard to see herself charming that she did see herself so. Admiration came, and she told herself that she was more attractive to look at than she had ever been in her life and that perhaps at last she might begin to be sought for like other girls.

It was in the Pike dressing room that the change began to come. There was a big cheval glass at one end of the room, and she faced it when her turn came—for the mirror was popular—with a sinking spirit. There was the contrast, like a picture painted and framed. The other girls all wore their hair after the fashion introduced to Canaan by Mamie Pike the week before on her return from a visit to Chicago. None of them had "crimped" and none had bedecked their tresses with artificial flowers. Her alterations of the wedding dress had not been successful: the skirt was too short in front and higher on one side than on the other, showing too plainly the heavy soled shoes, which had lost their polish in the walk through the snow. The ribbon rosettes were fully revealed, and as she glanced at their reflection she heard the words, "Look at that train and those rosettes!" whispered behind her and saw in the mirror two pretty young women turn away with their handkerchiefs over their mouths and retreat hurriedly to an alcove. All the feet in the room except Ariel's were in dainty kid or satin slippers of the color of the dresses from which they glimmered out, and only Ariel wore a train.

She went away from the mirror and pretended to be busy with a hanging thread in her sleeve.

Ariel sat in one of the chairs against the wall and watched the dancers with a smile of eager and benevolent interest. In Canaan no parents, no guardians, no aunts were hailed forth of nights to dream the junketings of youth. Ariel sat conspicuously alone. There was nothing else for her to do. It was not an easy matter.

Once or twice between the dances she saw Miss Pike speak appealingly to one of the superfluities, glancing at the same time in her own direction, and Ariel could see, too, that the appeal proved unsuccessful, until at last Mamie approached her leading Norbert Filtcroft partly by the hand, partly by will power. Norbert was an excessively fat boy and, at the present moment looked as patient as the blind. But he asked Ariel if she was "engaged for the next dance?" and, Mamie having tilted away, stood disconsolately beside her waiting for the music to begin. Ariel was grateful for him.

The orchestra flourished into "La Paloma," he put his arm mournfully about her and, taking her right hand with his left, carried her arm out to a rigid right angle, beginning to pump and balance for time. They made three false starts and then got away. Ariel danced badly; she hopped and lost the step, but they persevered, bumping against other couples continually.

She caught her partner making a burlesque face of suffering over her shoulder and, turning her head quickly, saw for whose benefit he had constructed it. Eugene Bantry, dying expertly by with Mamie, was bestowing upon Mr. Filtcroft a condescendingly commiserative wink. The next instant she tripped in her train and fell to the floor at Eugene's feet, carrying her partner with her.

There was a shout of laughter. The young hostess, stopped Eugene, who would have gone on, and he had no choice but to stoop to Ariel's assistance.

"It seems to be a habit of mine," she said, laughing loudly.

She did not appear to see the hand he offered, but got to her feet without help and walked quickly away with Norbert, who proceeded to live up to the character he had given himself.

"Perhaps we had better not try it again," she laughed.

"Well, I should think not," he returned, with the frankest gloom. With the air of conducting her home he took her to the chair against the wall whence he had brought her. There his responsibility for her seemed to cease. "Will you excuse me?" he asked, and there was no doubt that he felt that he had been given more than his share that evening, even though he was fat.

Ariel sat through more dances, interminable dances and intermissions, in that same chair, in which, it began to seem, she was to live out the rest of her life. Now and then if she thought people were looking at her as they passed she broke into a laugh and nodded slightly, as if still amused over her mishap.

After a long time she rose and, laughing cheerfully to Mr. Filtcroft, who was standing in the doorway and repled with a wan smile, stepped out quickly into the hall, where she almost ran into her greatniece, Jonas Taber. He was going toward the big front doors with Judge Pike, having just come out of the latter's library, down the hall.

Jonas was breathing heavily and was shockingly pale, though his eyes were very bright. He turned his back upon his greatniece sharply and went out of the door. Ariel turned from him quite as abruptly and re-entered the room whence she had come. She laughed again to her fat friend as she passed him and, still laughing, went toward the fatal chair, when her eyes caught sight of Eugene Bantry and Mamie coming in through the window. She went to the window and looked out. The porch seemed deserted and was faintly illuminated by a few Japanese lanterns. She sprang out, dropped upon the divan and, burying her face in her hands, cried heartbrokenly. Presently she felt something alive touch her foot, and, her breath catching with alarm, she started to rise. A thin hand, issuing from a shabby sleeve, had stolen out between two of the green tubs and was pressing upon one of her shoes.

"Sh!" said Joe. "Don't make a

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

## AMANDINE



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## FEAR.

## HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.

Fear is not always a lack of courage. One may be absolutely fearless when facing real danger, but a perfect coward about trifling matters. Many people fear to be in a crowded hall, and frequently, and unnecessarily, leave some enjoyable affair and return home. Thousands fear lightning to such an alarming extent, that during a thunder storm they become ill. Fear of this character is caused by a nervousness brought on chiefly by diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

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## How He Reformed Them.

Sam Davis, known as the Mark Twain of Carson, Nevada, says the San Francisco Call, was at the recent prize fight at Tonopah, where he noticed among the spectators some of the good ladies of his own town. Now, Davis didn't approve of this, and he thought it his duty to administer a gentle rebuke. He walked over to the section where the ladies of Carson were sitting.

"Ladies," he began, with grave face and finger upraised. "Ladies, I beg of you not to let my wife know that I was here."

"Children," said Judge Willard McEwen, at a dinner in Chicago, "are the great home builders. A lack of children means unhappiness, divorce. In the majority of the divorce suits that I pass on—and I pass on a hundred a month—the couples are between 30 and 40 years of age and childless.

"So children should be prized and cherished despite their faults. Faults they have, I will admit.

"Only the other day I heard of a little girl, lurching out, was detected in the act of cramming a large yellow handful of Spanish omelette into the pocket of her pink frock.

"Why, you little pig," exclaimed her mother, "what an earth are you about? Put that back on your plate at once. Why, I never heard of such a thing. What on earth do you mean by it?"

"It's so good, mummy," the child explained, "I thought I'd take a piece home to our cook for a pattern."

"When I was city editor of the Virginia City Enterprise," remarked Mark Twain at a dinner in New York, "a fine turkey was one day left at the office.

"Turkeys were rare in that high altitude, and we all hunkered after this bird. The proprietor, though, claimed it for his own. He took it home and had it cooked for dinner.

"The next day, as he was expatiating on the turkey's richness and tenderness a letter was handed to him. He opened it and read:

"Mr. Editor: Yesterday I sent you a turkey which has been the cause of much dispute among us. To settle a bet, will you kindly ask your agricultural editor to state in tomorrow's issue what it died of?"—Harper's Weekly.

"Waiter, bring me a steak," he requested as he seated himself at a table in a small cafe.

The waiter disappeared and returned in some minutes with a siver of meat. The diner took the bit of steak on his fork, turned it around and gazed at it critically.

"Yes, that's the kind I want," he remarked. "Bring me some." Bohemian.

"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it rather an extravagance to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"No, mummy, it's economy," the boy answered. "The same piece of bread does for both." Harper's Weekly.

## THE ORDEAL BY FIRE

## A Hindoo Ceremony That Puzzles the Uninitiated.

## WALK OVER GLOWING COALS.

The Participants In the Mystifying Spectacle Play With the Fiery Embers as Children Play With Sand and Emerge Unharmed.

I once witnessed a most remarkable ordeal by fire at Benares, India. It was held on the grounds of a villa on the outskirts of the city, and among us were some of the most prominent men and women of official and social life in British India. Army and navy officers touched elbows with French savants, all more than glad to accept an invitation that might at least offer opportunity either to catch some clever toward solving the mystery of the Indian fire ordeal or else catch the priestly performers in a nice trap at consummate and age long deception, successfully worked among a superstitious and overcredulous people like the Hindus.

Seats had been arranged for our party on the spacious lawn, where a trench had been dug sixteen feet long, six feet wide and four feet deep. The fire in the trench was lighted before noon, but the ordeal itself was not to come off until after sunset. The trench was filled with kindling wood and logs and was set afire by the attendants, who kept up a blaze as hot as a blast furnace all day long, until the trench by sunset was filled three feet deep with a compact, glowing bed of red hot coals.

We were escorted to our seats at about 6:30, and we were not inclined to question the reality of that fire from the moment we sat down within twelve feet of it. Whatever else might be fraud or hypnotism in this Indian fire ordeal, we could not for a moment doubt the realism of that scorching heat that made our eyes smart and grow bloodshot. We, who had come to scoff and doubt, were soon realizing that the managers of the Benares fire ordeal had already gained 75 points out of 100 in favor of their honesty and of their power over the mighty element of fire, that figures so largely in oriental philosophy as one of the three or four primal elements of the physical universe.

A great commotion and babel of voices soon proclaimed the coming of the procession of priests, headed by the arch priest Brahmapoot, carrying a huge Indian sword, followed by the two minor priests who were destined to walk unharmed through that yard thick fiery bed, scintillating in the increasing darkness and lighting up the dark faces of the hundreds of gaping Hindus standing behind us. While we Europeans and Americans, always hypercritical and given to scientific research, were awaiting the coming of the moment when our 75 per cent of credulity was either to be shattered or rounded out to the fullness of a completed and abiding faith in Hindoo control and mastery of the devouring element of fire, our Hindoo fellow on-lookers, on the other hand, were anticipating the ordeal with all the simplicity of credulous children. Ours was an almost terrifying heart tension, and we almost wished that we were not occidental skeptics, always bent on doubting things of an extraordinary nature.

The priests marched about the trench chanting and performing mystic incantations, carrying along a glass reliquary, or shrine, in which was seen the image of the god Siva, who, in the Hindoo religious system, is one of the trinity and is worshiped as the destroyer, Brahma being the creator and Vishnu the preserver of the universe. We do not know to this day what those priests said as they perambulated about that fiery trench, but we do know what soon followed, for, at the end of the incantation, the two candidates for the ordeal plunged into the red-hot coals and walked ankle deep the whole length of the trench, backward and forward, time and time again. They played with that scintillating, glowing fire as children play with the sands of Coronado beach, kicking it with their feet and stooping down to pick up handfuls of the glowing coals, tossing them in the air, to be blown by the rising evening breeze all over our heads and our easily inflammable clothing. We were really afraid. No doubt about those sparks and live, falling coals!

When the two priests had walked up and down alone through that fiery trench unscathed and unscorched, then the whole Hindoo throng seemed to suddenly catch the spirit of their priests, and, sure of their conquest over the power of fire, they began plunging into the trench. Old men and young children walked through that fiery furnace, forward and backward, and when they had tired of this "playing with fire" they came out as they had entered, not a hair or a garment scorched, not even the soles of their feet blistered.

Only males are allowed to go through the fire ordeal. Never yet has any scientific theory explained the power of the Siva worshippers over fire. We ourselves were absolutely convinced that trickery was not to be considered as an explanation of what we had witnessed.—Los Angeles Times.

An Architectural Eruption. A worthy but rather illiterate man who had come suddenly into the possession of a large fortune was consulting with his architect relative to the building of a costly mansion. The general plan had been decided upon, but the details had not been considered.

"You will want a portico, of course?" said the architect.

"Oh, yes."

"Any particular design?"

"Well, something oriental."

"That would be a good place for you to have a portico."

"Why," said the other, somewhat puzzled, "I—er—had that when I was a boy. It broke out all over me, but I got well of it. What has that got to do with a portico?"

## THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

noise! What were you crying about?" "Nothing," she said, the tears not ceasing to gather in her eyes.

"I want to know what it was," he insisted. "Didn't the fools ask you to dance? Well, what do you care about that for?"

"I don't," she answered. "I don't." Then suddenly, without being able to prevent it, she sobbed.

She gave way all at once to a gust of sorrow and bitterness. She bent forward and caught his hand and laid it against her wet cheek. "Oh, Joe," she whispered brokenly, "I think we have such hard lives, you and I! It doesn't seem right while we're so young! Why can't we be like the others? Why can't we have some of the fun?"

He withdrew his hand with the embarrassment and shame he would have felt had she been a boy. "Get out!" he said feebly.

She did not seem to notice, but, still stooping, rested her elbows on her knees and her face in her hands. "I try so hard to have fun, to be like the rest, and it's always a mistake, always, always, always!" She rocked herself slightly from side to side. "I am a fool, it's the truth, or I wouldn't have come tonight. I want to be attractive. I want to be in things. I want to laugh like they do."

"I'll tell you something," Joe whispered, chuckling desperately. "Gene made me unpack his trunk, and I don't believe he's as great a man at college as he is here. I opened one of his books, and some one had written in it, 'Prigamintoo Hantzy, the Class Try-to-Be!'"

He'd never noticed, and you ought to have heard him go on! You'd have just died, Ariel. I almost bust while open. It was a mean trick in me, but I couldn't help showing it to him."

Joe's object was obtained. She stopped crying and, wiping her eyes, smiled faintly. Then she became grave. "You're jealous of Eugene," she said.

He considered this for a moment. "Yes," he answered thoughtfully; "I am. But I wouldn't think about him differently on that account. And I wouldn't talk about him to any one but you."

"You must go away," she said anxiously. "Oh, please, Joe!"

"Not yet. I want!"

She coughed loudly. Eugene and Maude Pike had come to the window, with the evident intention of occupying the veranda; but, perceiving Ariel engaged with threads in her sleeve, they turned away and disappeared.



They made three false starts and then got away.

Other couples looked out from time to time and, finding the solitary figure in possession, retreated abruptly to seek stairways and remote corners for the things they were impelled to say.

And so Ariel held the porch for three dances and three intermissions, occupying a great part of the time with entreaties that her elaborate and reckless companion should go. When for the fourth time the music sounded, her agitation had so increased that she was visibly trembling. "I can't stand it, Joe," she said, bending over him. "I don't know what would happen if they found you. You've got to go!"

"No, I haven't," he chuckled. "They haven't even distributed the supper yet."

"And you take all the chances," she said slowly. "Just to see her pass that window a few times?"

"Of what the Judge will do if any one sees you."

"Nothing, because if any one saw me I'd leave."

"Please go."

"Not till!"

"Sit!"

A colored waiter, smiling graciously, came out upon the porch bearing a tray of salad, hot oysters and coffee. Ariel shook her head.

"I don't want any," she murmured. The waiter turned away in pity and was re-entering the window, when a passionate whisper fell upon his ear as well as upon Ariel's.

"Take it!"

"Ma'am?" said the waiter.

"I've changed my mind," she replied quickly. The waiter, his elation restored, gave of his vials with the superfluous bounty loved by his race when distributing the product of the—

—entirely.

When he had gone, "Give me everything that's hot," said Joe. "You can keep the salad."

"I couldn't eat it or anything else," she answered, thrusting the plate between the palms.

For a time there was silence. From within the house came the continuous babble of voices and laughter, the clink of cutlery on china. The young people spent a long time over their supper. By and by the waiter returned to the veranda, deposited a plate of colored ices upon Ariel's knees with a noble gesture and departed.

"No ice for me," said Joe.

"Won't you please go now?" she entreated.

"It wouldn't be good manners," he re-

sponded. "They might think I was came for supper."

"I'll not back the things. The waiter might come for them any minute."

"Take them, then. You'll see that jealousy hasn't spoiled my appetite!"

A bottle shaped figure appeared in the window, and she had no time to take the plate and cup which were being pushed through the palm leaves. She whispered a syllable of warning, and the dishes were hurriedly withdrawn as Norbert Plietoff, wearing a solemn expression of injury, came out upon the veranda.

He halted suddenly. "What's that?" he asked, with suspicion.

"Nothing," answered Ariel sharply. "Where?"

"Behind those palms."

"Probably your own shadow," she laughed; "or it might have been a draft moving the leaves."

He did not seem satisfied, but stared hard at the spot where the dishes had disappeared, meantime edging back cautiously nearer the window.

"They want you," he said, after a pause. "Some one's come for you."

"Oh, is grandfather coming?" She rose, at the same time letting her handkerchief fall. She stooped to pick it up with her face away from Norbert and toward the palms, whispering tremulously, but with passionate urgency, "Please go!"

"I'll tell you grandfather that has come for you," said the fat one slowly. "It is old Eskow Arp. Something's happened."

She looked at him for a moment, beginning to tremble violently. Her eyes grew wide with fright.

"Is my grandfather—is he sick?"

"You better go and see. Old Eskow's waiting in the hall. He'll tell you."

She was by him and through the window instantly. Norbert did not follow her; he remained for several moments looking earnestly at the palms; then he stepped through the window and beckoned to a youth who was lounging in the doorway across the room.

"There's somebody hiding behind those palms," he whispered when his friend reached him. "Go and tell Judge Pike to send some of the niggers to watch outside the porch, so that he doesn't get away. Then tell him to get his revolver and come here."

Meanwhile Ariel had found Mr. Arp waiting in the hall talking in a low voice to Mrs. Pike.

"Your grandfather's all right," he told the frightened girl quickly. "He sent me for you, that's all. Just hurry and get your things."

She was with him again in a moment and, seizing the old man's arm, hurried him down the steps and toward the street almost at a run.

"You're not telling me the truth," she said—"you're not telling me the truth!"

"Nothing has happened to Roger," panted Mr. Arp. "Nothing to mind, I mean. Here! We're going this way, not that." They had come to the gate, and as she turned to the right he pulled her round sharply to the left. "We're not going to your house."

"Where are we going?"

"We're going to your Uncle Johns'."

"Why?" she cried in supreme astonishment. "What do you want to take me there for? Don't you know that he's stopped speaking to me?"

"Yes," said the old man grimly, with something of the look he wore when delivering a chalice at the National House; "he's stopped speaking to everybody."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

This Horse Could Jump. They were talking about horses jumping at the club when one of the members said:

"The best story of a horse's jumps which comes to mind is that of a California cowboy. He was taking steers to Leadville and had camped for the night on Bear River, near its junction with the Little Snake. In the middle of the night something occurred to stampede the cattle. The man mounted his broncho and rode tiller and tiller on the flank of the herd until their fright had died away. Four or five times the rider felt his horse give tremendous leaps, and with daylight he discovered the cause. The cattle had clustered to a level plateau which is intersected by a canyon four miles long and from 1,500 to 2,000 feet deep. Its walls incline toward each other at the top, where the distance is fifteen or twenty feet. In riding the man had kept the steers circling about this plateau. A dozen of them he found had fallen down the canyon and been killed. Proof marks showed him that the great jumps made by his horse were occasioned by the animal clearing the canyon each time it came to the taking off spot."—London Standard.

Triumph of Heredity. The other college boys were hazing the new freshman, who was the son of a clergyman.

"You will be required," they said as they stood him on a table, "to preach a sermon."

"I'll do it, gentlemen," he answered, "on condition that you do not interrupt me until I have finished."

"We promise."

"Will you kindly furnish me a text?"

"You will preach a sermon," they said after consulting together a moment, "on Cerberus."

"On Cerberus, gentlemen? Great!"

"That's text enough, sir. Go ahead. You are wasting time."

"All right, Cerberus it is. My hearers, the subject of this discourse naturally divides itself into three heads. As you have been kind enough to promise not to interrupt me I shall occupy your attention only half an hour on each. I remark, firstly," etc.

They stood it patiently for fifteen minutes.

Then they sneaked out one by one, and the hazing came to an end.—Chicago Tribune.

The doctrine of purgatory was once discussed by the bishop of Waterford and Father O'Leary. It is not likely that the former was convinced by the arguments of the latter, who, however, closed it very neatly by telling the bishop, "Your lordship may go farther and fare worse."

## MUSIC AND SHORTHAND.

## Two Lines of Work That Are Particularly Bad For the Eyes.

A St. Louis oculist, chatting with friends about the ins and outs of his profession, said that there were two lines of work which for professional reasons both the oculist and the optician would be glad to see widely encouraged. One is music, particularly piano playing.

"Have you ever noticed," said he, "that the pianist's head as he sits upright at the piano is generally almost three feet from the music? He reads at long range. This of itself is bad, involving as it does a continual strain upon the eyes. If the pianist only sat still, however, the case would not be so bad, but very few do. In executing difficult passages or extended scales they swing first to one side, then to the other, sometimes a foot in each direction, then back six inches, then forward the music, all the time keeping their eyes fixed upon the notes, and during all the changes of distance and direction the delicate mechanism of the eye is constantly seeking to adjust itself to the distance so as to obtain the clearest possible image of the notes. The result is, of course, an overstrain, and it is a common thing when the practice hour is over to see the musician rub his eyes and to hear him remark that music is bad for the eyes, anyhow. It is not good, indeed, for, although in ordinary piano sheet music the notes are large enough, the signs of expression are often so small as to cause an effort to see them properly, and, besides, much piano playing, particularly of the standard classics, is done from small size editions, which are to be had at much cheaper rates than sheet music.

"Shorthand work and typewriting are as bad for the eyes in their way as music. Most stenographers write with a medium pencil and in small characters. The dots and dashes are thus hard to decipher and themselves strain the eyes. Then comes the transcription, which is worse. If stenographers would only learn to use a typewriter as a pianist does the keyboard—that is, to write without looking at the keys—the eye strain would not be so severe, but very few of them acquire this degree of confidence and proficiency, so the focus of the eye is always changing, first reading the notes, then dancing back and forth over the keys, then looking at the typewritten page and repeating these processes all day long until the wonder is not that their eyes are bad, but that they don't go stone blind. If pianists would learn to sit still while they are playing and stenographers would acquire the art of using a typewriter without looking at the keys, the demands on the time of the oculist and the services of the optician would be lessened very materially, but as it is these two classes are a great help both to the specialists and to the man that makes spectacles, furnishing more business than any one would suppose who is not in the profession."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## A Tombstone Lunch.

The waiter in the Indigestion dispensary, towel in hand, gazed with reflective eye at a corpulent victim consuming a midnight repast of lemonade and an egg sandwich and mumbled his speculative mind thus: "If I was a kid again, I'd go to college and learn to be a doctor, even if I did have to work my way through. 'Cause why? Well, there's more money and respectability, to say nothing of peace of mind, in curing dyspepsia than in making it. See what the gent's eating? Well, that ain't a fair sample. Some of 'em comes in here and orders lobster salad and chocolate, and for dessert they pull out a little box and eat a dyspepsia tablet. I used to have a young fellow come in every night and eat what he called a tombstone lunch. It was a Welsh rabbit made on minced pie instead of toast. He don't come any more, though. He's dead."—Philadelphia Record.

## The Baron's Order.

A worthy Welsh baronet, a member of one of the parliaments of William IV, was asked by one of his constituents who claimed to be in town at the time for an order of admission into the house. With his characteristic disposition to oblige, Sir — immediately complied with the request and wrote an order in the usual terms and addressed it thus: "To the Door Keeper of the House of Commons." The person for whom it was intended discovered the errors in the spelling after he had gone ten or twelve yards from the worthy baronet and, turning back and running up to him, said: "Oh, Sir —, there is a slight mistake in your order. Two letters have been transposed. You have spelled 'keeper' with a C instead of a K and 'commons' with a K instead of a C." "That's all right," was the answer. "The doorkeeper will see to it. He is sure to know which is which."

## Washington's Advice.

Here is a bit of advice given by George Washington on Jan. 15, 1873, to his young nephew, of whom he was very fond:

"Be courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation. Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one and let your hand give in proportion to your purse, remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite. Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than that fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery in the eyes of the judicious and sensible."

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## The Mercury.

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Saturday, May 4, 1907.

Congressman Tawney says the isthmian canal can be built in five years. This sort of talk from a watchdog of the treasury is encouraging.

Mr. Roosevelt has a very able and industrious Cabinet, but nobody can say that he shirks any of the work that comes to the White House.

The Rire River shipyard, at Quincy, Mass., expects to build the largest battleship in the world. The approximate cost of this vessel is six million dollars.

It is predicted that Rhode Island will be the center of political activity during the next five months. Well it will serve to help out a dull summer.

It is stated in New Haven that plans actually adopted by the New Haven road for curtailment provide for the cutting-off of \$10,000,000 of new work.

In Democratic history Mr. Bryan is defined as a bonanza in 1896, a fighting champion in 1900, and a hard necessity for 1908, says a Western Exchange.

Ex-Governor Douglas says he has no desire to again be governor of Massachusetts, and prefers not to have his name mentioned for any political office whatever.

The records at the Washington weather bureau show last month to be the coldest April in the last 28 years and within one degree of the coldest April on record.

Japan has decided to build a 22,000 ton battle ship and Russia one 22,500 tons. The extra weight is well enough, but straight shooting won the battle in the sea of Japan.

Henry M. Whitney of Massachusetts has announced himself to be a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts this fall on the Democratic ticket. Massachusetts will vie with Rhode Island in making political things interesting in an off year.

The citizens of our neighboring town of Bristol turned out en masse to welcome Col. Samuel P. Colt last Saturday evening. A loving cup was presented him and the people showed their appreciation, in a demonstrative manner, of his generosity to the town.

More automobiles were registered with the secretary of state last week than in any previous week since registration was required. That looks as though Rhode Islanders were rapidly becoming millionaires.—Western Sun.

While the automobile is a millionaire's carriage all are not millionaires that own them, many a man is sporting an automobile who had to mortgage his property to pay for it.

Roosevelt and La Follette of Wisconsin, how would that do for a Presidential ticket? On the other hand Bryan and Hearst would be a good audited. If the people should be compelled to choose between the two they would undoubtedly choose the Roosevelt combination. But for the great conservative element of the country neither ticket would be satisfactory. It would seem to be radicalism run rampant.

Governor Higgins and party have returned from their visit to the sacred soil of Virginia to witness the incompleteness of the tercentennial exhibition. While there the party was highly entertained and while there was not much of the Exposition to be seen, they saw President Roosevelt and that is a whole show in itself. Some time between now and fall the slow moving southerners will have the rest of the show in shape. It takes time to do even a little in the south.

The habit of President Roosevelt of saying uncomplimentary things in a very emphatic manner about those who have incurred his displeasure or disapprobation would seem to be of doubtful taste to say the least. For the President of the United States to call a man an unmitigated liar, or words to that effect, sounds very much worse than it does for a private individual to make the charge. The President should revise his catalogue of epithets and put a few honeyed phrases in it.

Bryan has been touring New England for the last two weeks and apparently having a good time. People flock to hear him, though they take no stock in his doctrine. Bryan, himself, knows that the New England people do not believe what he says, but this makes apparently no difference with him. He keeps on talking just the same. While he does not expect any electoral votes from this section of the country he does expect to get votes from here in the next Democratic National Convention, and that is the reason for the tour.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is quoted in a London cable to the Times as saying that it was only a question of a brief period when the progress of aerial navigation would make it possible to have dinner in America and breakfast the next morning in Europe, covering the distance across the Atlantic in considerably less than 20 hours. "My expectation," said Dr. Bell, "is that an airplane will be perfected capable of making 150 to 200 miles an hour. My opinion, however, is that the next step in aerial flight will take the form of such improvements as will make possible the creation of aerial battleships."

## Not a Brilliant Outlook.

Has the United States only one great party these days? To this query Henry Watterson would say "Yes." Practically he has said this in a talk which he has just made in New York, although the question was not put to him in this sharp way. His definition of a democrat is "a man who lives down south and who doesn't vote the republican ticket." According to the column there is no real democratic party in the north, but there are two factions calling themselves democrats each of which hates the other more than it does the republicans. Even in the south, where some electoral votes are still given to candidates who call themselves democrats, Mr. Watterson says democracy is a label only, and depends for its existence on the race issue. His candid opinion, after a careful survey of the ground from such diverse viewpoints as Louisville, Madrid, Rome, Paris and New York, is that nothing short of cholera in the Philippines, yellow fever in Cuba, a drop of wheat to forty cents a bushel and corn to ten cents could give the democracy the slightest chance to carry the country in 1908.

This is a prominent democrat's post mortem on the democratic party. Other conspicuous democrats also intimate that they are participating in what they believe to be obsequies of their party, but they are not quite so cheerful at the wake as is Col. Watterson. A few weeks ago the New York World, when taunted that it was not a democratic paper, asked, "What is a democrat? Answers have come from somewhere or another in nearly every state, but no two of them agree. There were three Jeffersonian democrats in New York on the 1907 anniversary of the birth of the founder of the democracy, but each preached a doctrine that was repudiated at the other two dinners, and each was participated in by men whom the others would cast out of the democratic party. Now here comes the Charleston News and Courier, printed in Calhoun's old capital, the citadel of the democracy in the days when there was a democratic party that was able to do things, and says that Bryan is the most prominent figure in the democratic party of today, that he can get the nomination if he will accept, and adds: "Bryan can not be elected. That much is certain, but he can defeat the election of any other democrat by keeping himself so persistently in the public mind as the only available candidate of his party at the next election. Somebody else ought to have a chance. The democratic party ought to have a chance." Even the least pessimistic of democrats throws up his hands when he takes a look at the democratic situation.

Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., son of Governor Hughes, is making his way into prominence in Brown University in his class and college. He was captain of his class debating team in his freshman year, and this year he was an alternative on the varsity debating team which defeated Dartmouth. That he was a member of the sophomore ball committee, in on the celebration committee, and on the Brown banquet committee which gave the most successful banquet ever held at Brown, attests his popularity and qualities of leadership among his fellows. With all this, although young Hughes is just completing his second year at Brown, he has received the unusual honor of being elected assistant editor of the Brown Daily Herald in his sophomore year.

The Boston Journal says that it believed the New Haven road is back of the incorporation of the Buffalo, Rochester & Eastern Railroad, which proposes to connect Boston, Worcester and Buffalo by interurban trolley line, capable of operating Pullman cars over the entire distance of 300 miles. The principal stockholder of the proposed new road is R. D. Gillette, president of the Western Massachusetts Ry., a New Haven property. James F. Shaw has been added to the directorate with the object of forming a connection with Boston, making a through Boston-Buffalo route. The capital stock is \$3,500,000, of which Mr. Gillette has subscribed for \$1,835,000.

Says the New York Times: "The 40 policemen on guard at the White House have been reinforced by Pete, the bull dog. Pete only recently has been relieved from banishment on Surgeon General Rixey's farm, where he was sent as a punishment for his error in chasing the French ambassador up a tree when Mr. Juseurand called to play tennis with the President. The indignation excited at that time by Pete's lack of judgment was so great that only considerations of the highest public necessity can account for his restoration to favor."

The annual inspection of the Newport Naval Reserve Company took place at the State Armory on Thursday evening, Col. C. W. Abbot, U. S. A., being the inspecting officer. The command was found to be in excellent condition.

The will of the late Emily O. Gibbs will probably be contested. It is understood that a number of lawyers now have the matter under consideration, and it is expected that allegations of unusual mind on the part of the testator will be brought.

Scup and mackerel have both made their appearance at the same time and it may be said that now spring is officially here. The scup were rather later than usual owing to the backward weather. It is expected that the fishermen will soon be bringing in good catches of both these fish.

## Portsmouth

The annual financial town meeting was held Wednesday afternoon, with Henry Anthony as moderator. There was a great deal of business brought before the meeting. A proposition was presented for the erection of a new school house for the higher grades, but when voted on was lost by a very decisive vote.

The report of the Town Treasurer and Town Auditor showed that during the year there had been received from all sources \$31,560 57, and that \$29,341 12 had been expended, leaving a balance of \$2,219 75 in the town treasury. For the public school account there had been received \$6344 53 and expended \$6252 09, leaving a balance of \$92 44. For the dog fund there had been received \$881 47; paid out for damages done by dogs, \$20 26; passed to the school account, \$218 47, leaving a balance of \$143 74. The town indebtedness was reported to be \$7750 25.

It was voted that a town tax of 60 cents on each \$100 be assessed to be paid into the town treasury before Nov. 1. The Tax Collector was ordered to make a list of delinquent taxpayers and present it at the annual town meeting, with the several amounts assessed against each person. He was authorized to collect, according to law, all taxes ordered by this or former town meetings that remain unpaid on Nov. 1, 1907. It was also voted that on all taxes assessed in the town for the year, and not paid before Nov. 1, a penalty of 1 per cent. for each month or fraction of a month be charged and added to the assessment from Nov. 1 to the date of payment.

The following appropriations were passed: For the suppression of the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors in the town, \$500; for highways, \$4000; for public schools, \$6000; for public library, \$150; extra appropriation for highway in District No. 1, \$500; and for high ways on Prudence Island \$200.

The Town Treasurer was authorized to lift such sums as may be necessary during the year, not to exceed \$10,000 in all. It was also voted that the town secure bonds for its several officers.

The following salaries were fixed: Moderator, \$25; Town Clerk, \$300; Town Treasurer, \$200; Tax Collector, \$200; Assessor of Taxes, \$350; school committee, \$100; clerk of school committee, \$30; Overseer of the Poor, \$30.

## Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., May 4, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent May 5 to 9, warm wave 4 to 8, cool wave 7 to 11. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 9, cross west of Rockies country by close of 10, great central valleys 11 to 13, eastern states 14. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about May 9, great central valleys 11, eastern states 13. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about May 12, great central valleys 14, eastern states 16.

Principal rains of this disturbance will occur about the great lakes and the upper Ohio valley while dry weather will prevail on the Atlantic slope, the upper Missouri valley and in western Texas.

About and following May 4, severe weather and very cool may be expected with rains in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio while elsewhere dry weather is expected. This disturbance will be most severe on the Pacific slope about May 9 and 10 at the same time the disturbance preceding it will be at its greatest intensity on the Atlantic slope. This May 10 to 14 disturbance will be preceded by very cool weather and will be followed by the greatest drop in temperature that will occur in May. This will become a furious storm out on the Atlantic from May 15 to 18.

I am expecting June and July to be very hot and dry in many parts of the United States and therefore not a favorable time to visit Washington and the Jamestown exposition. I expect August to be a cool month, and September and October moderate; therefore I advise my readers that from August 15 to October 15 will be the most favorable time for that eastern trip. I will keep this matter in mind and advise my readers of probable coming weather events more in detail.

President Roosevelt will do well to turn his attention to little Cuba and administer a little judicious spanking to the police authorities of Santiago. The uncertain, unthankful, malicious little Cubans should be taught that they cannot maltreat Uncle Sam's blue jackets with impunity. A little of the energy put forth by the President in denouncing those who do not agree with him could be used to good advantage in averting the insult and abuse put upon the seamen of the Tacoma in the city of Santiago.

It is reported in financial circles that the New Haven road will at an early date absorb the Boston & Maine. That would practically give the N. Y., N. H. & B. the control of all New England, and it might be a good thing for the entire region.

A new trial has been ordered in the case of Henry J. Jones vs. the General Compressed Air House Cleaning Company unless the plaintiff remits \$133.77 of the \$155 allowed him by the jury. The court finds that the verdict was excessive.

Brown University is boasting over the fact that it expects to have three governors at commencement, all graduates of that institution. They are Hughes of New York, Stokes of New Jersey and Higgins of Rhode Island.

Mr. Hugh Barkly Baker, son of Judge Darius Baker of this city, has passed a successful examination for admission to the Rhode Island bar.

Rev. Father Meenan was one of the American priests who were presented to the Pope this week by Bishop Hils of Leavenworth.

## Election of Officers.

## Natural History Society.

President—A. O'D. Taylor.  
Vice Presidents—Captain J. P. Cotton, Rev. E. J. Porter, J. M. K. Southwick.  
Treasurer—A. O'D. Taylor, Jr.  
Secretary—J. P. Cotton.  
Auditors—Richard Bliss, Currier—Dr. W. C. Stoddard.  
Assistant Currier—Hugh L. Taylor.  
Trustees—George Gordon King, Colonel John H. Fowler, Hon. David D. Clark.  
Other members of Council—Amos Parmenter, Dr. O. W. Huntington, H. W. Lull, Dr. A. J. Anderson.

## Washington Matters.

Eyes of the Country are Turned Toward the Campaign in Ohio.—The Situation in the Miners' Union.—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., April 30, 1907.

The President is out of town, Taft is off to Ohio, the Secretary of State and most of the Cabinet officers have gone officially to Jamestown, and some of them have managed to get switched off in other directions. And the leaviness of summer is beginning to settle on the town. But it will not be a quiet summer. All eyes are on Ohio, and will be till the fight there is over; and every move of the President is being watched by both friends and foes to see whether it has not some hidden bearing on the general political situation.

The latest rumor that has been put out in the Ohio campaign and that has not even been noticed to be ignored at the White House is that the Taft candidacy is all a bluff and that he is really being used as a stalking horse for the President who is after a "second elective term." This is a new way of referring to the third term, and was concocted by some of the advocates of the third term proposition who thought it sounded better than the bald third term statement. But it can be said that Secretary Taft is not worrying. He has gone into the Ohio fight with the idea of winning, but he will not be heart broken if he does not.

One of the most serious features of the situation against him now is the opposition that has been stirred up by the labor union element over the President's alleged impolitic reference to Moyer, Hayward and Debs on the eve of the trial of the first two for the murder of Gov. Steunenberg of Idaho. The fight of the Western Federation in the case of Moyer and Hayward, who are among its high officers, has been taken up by many labor unions, and it looks as though Secretary Taft were going to have the opposition of the whole organized labor element in Ohio on the strength of it. It will be remembered that the President in the course of the Harriman controversy brought forward a letter in which he had referred to Moyer, Hayward and Debs as "undesirable citizens." All of the champions of Moyer and Hayward were quick to take up the words and declare that the President was trying to influence the course of justice in a pending case by his reference to the Idaho murder. Then the President came back with a characteristic reply, in which he denied any intention or ability to influence a pending case by his reference, and added insult to injury by saying in effect that Moyer and Hayward were all that he had called them originally and that he had no regrets to express over anything he had said. But the result has been to bring out a lot of protests from professional labor men all over the country, and the opposition will be quick to take advantage of the occurrence to make it as bad as possible for Taft in Ohio and elsewhere.

It is reported that the President has asked John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers of America, to come to the White House for a conference with a view to discounting any action that may be taken by the more radical labor unions. But Mr. Mitchell is just recovering from a severe spell of illness, and it is not known whether or how soon he can come to Washington. The injection of a labor union controversy into the Ohio political fight may or may not have a serious effect. The one treaty of the labor element into practical politics last fall was not as encouraging as it might have been. President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor had a great deal of opposition from his own organization at that time in his attempt to organize labor into a political force. And the results in all the states where labor unions have tried to wield the balance of power were far from encouraging.

It is known that John Mitchell has little sympathy with the Western Federation leaders, and if his influence is set against them in the east it is bound to have considerable effect. At the same time, all the administration advisors realize that the Western Federation can wield an immense force west of the Mississippi, whatever may be its power in Ohio, so it is a force to be reckoned with in the general campaign.

It may be said too that while the rank and file of the Western Federation are hard citizens, still they may not all deserve to be classed as "undesirable." The officers of the Federation have much in the way of agitation to answer for, but the President, who knows the West as well as he does the East, realizes that many of the conditions that the western miners have been fighting against are just about as bad as the counter conditions that the miners themselves have created. The mine owners in the gold and silver region of the west are themselves autocrats of the most pronounced and in some cases the worst type. They have done as much as the miners themselves to bring about the reign of lawlessness that for the past decade has terrorized the western states by sections from northern New Mexico to the Canadian line. State troops, martial law and a suspension of the habeas corpus have all been invoked when there was and when there was not necessity for them. And the great mass of the western miners and laboring men have come to feel that the government was against them and that as they had no standing in court, the only way to get what they considered their rights was by bushwhacking and dynamiting.

This situation needs a different class of man to deal with it from any one who has appeared so far, and it is just possible that the President himself may go into the far west before the campaign gets very far advanced and tell "the boys" a few homely truths in language they will understand. This facility for dealing with and "getting next" to any sort of a mob or more elevated element is little short of marvelous, and when he gets through talking to a western crowd in particular, the majority is usually willing to come into camp and do whatever he wishes. There was just an incident of this sort in Cheyenne a little more than a year back that may be referred to for illustration. The cow boys had gotten up a carnival for his benefit, and there was riding of bucking bronchos, roping and tying of steers and all the other rough work and play of the round up. Some of the cow-punchers knew the President and knew he was an expert old cattle man himself. Others suspected that if he had ever known the business he had been spoiled for it in the East.

When the show was over in front of his stand, the President made only one comment to the expectant crowd. "Boys," he said, "your riding was fine, but your tying wasn't worth a damn." It was an absolutely accurate, dis-

## MERCY IS RECOMMENDED

Jury Finds "Baroness" De Massy Guilty of Manslaughter

New York, May 3.—Annie L. De Massy, the pattern designer, on trial for the killing of Gustav Simon, was convicted of manslaughter in the first degree, with recommendation of mercy. The jury, to which the case was given at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, returned a verdict a few minutes before midnight and the prisoner was remanded to the Tombs until May 9 for sentence.

Gustav Simon, a wealthy shirtwaist manufacturer, was shot in his office on Nov. 19 and died a few hours afterward. Mme. De Massy, popularly known as "Baroness" De Massy, was employed by Simon as a shirtwaist designer and was arrested while leaving the building in which Simon's office was located a few minutes after the shooting. She acknowledged she had had a disagreement with Simon over the question of wages, and had left the manufacturer's office a few minutes before her arrest, but maintained throughout her trial that she had nothing to do with the shooting.

There were but few spectators in the courtroom to witness the midnight scene when the jury brought in its verdict. When the prisoner was brought in she was very pale, but appeared calm and faced the jury without apparent emotion.

"We find the defendant guilty of manslaughter in the first degree and recommend that the mercy of the court be extended to her," was the verdict read by Foreman Chaffee. Mme. De Massy received the verdict calmly. Judge Blanchard, after the usual formalities, remanded the prisoner to the Tombs to await sentence.

## Cooke Deposed From Ministry

New York, May 3.—Rev. J. K. Cooke, who recently left Hempstead, L. I., where for five years he had been rector of St. George Episcopal church, was last night deposed from the ministry by Bishop Burgess. Coincident with Cooke's departure from town, Miss Floretta Wainley, 17 years old, who is about to come into an inheritance of \$125,000, also disappeared from the home of her grandmother. The girl's parents are dead. The girl has since written her grandmother that she has gone away with Cooke. Cooke's wife with her parents in Hartford.

## Balloons' Plans Failed

Galconda, Ill., May 2.—Captain Chandler, United States signal service, and J. C. McCoy failed to break the long distance balloon record, and to win the Latham cup. The balloon which left St. Louis at 7:20 o'clock Tuesday evening landed five miles north of Galconda at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Galconda is only 130 miles from St. Louis. Changeable air currents demonstrated to the aeronauts that they could not win the cup and for that reason they made the landing near here.

## Jerome Handling Great Bond Theft

New York, May 2.—District Attorney Jerome has taken personal charge of the investigation of the stealing of bonds of the face value of more than \$500,000 from the Trust Company of America. The investigation has not disclosed anything outside of what has been made public since the arrest of W. O. Douglass, the former assistant loan clerk of the trust company, and O. M. Bennett, the broker who aided in the hypothecation of the bonds.

## Senators Reconfirm Kelsey

Albany, May 3.—One year to a day from the time of his original appointment by Governor Higgins, the senate reconfirmed Otto Kelsey in the office of state superintendent of insurance, giving only 24 of the 26 votes necessary to sustain Governor Hughes' recommendation of his removal from office. Twenty-seven votes were cast against removal. The result was received by applause and cheers from the crowded floor and gallery.

## Washington Can Only Look On

Washington, May 3.—The strained relations between Mexico and Guatemala, arising from the failure of the latter to surrender under extradition proceedings for trial in Mexico General Liman, charged with complicity in the assassination of ex-President Carrillo, is a matter of serious concern to the officials here. Nothing can be done now by this government, however, to relieve the friction between Mexico and Guatemala.

## Insurance Man Made False Report

New York, May 3.—William A. Brewer, Jr., former president of the Washington Life Insurance company, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 for making a false and fraudulent report to the state superintendent of insurance in regard to the financial condition of that company. Two indictments against him charging perjury were dismissed. Brewer paid the fine.

## Crazed by Loss of Voice

Minneapolis, May 3.—Arcangelo Rossi, the tenor, who was with the Conried Opera company in San Francisco during the earthquake and who as the result of the flight he experienced has not since been well, recently lost his voice. This calamity weighed so deeply on his mind that he went crazy and yesterday he cut out his tongue with a pair of scissors. He is in a critical condition.

## Hid Jewels in Waste Basket

St. Louis, May 3.—Mrs. J. H. French is reported to the police the loss of jewels valued at \$50,000. Mrs. French concealed the jewels in a waste paper basket. Her small son burned the contents. She searched the alley where the paper was burned, but found no trace of the jewels.

## Commerce and Industry Commission

Boston, May 1.—A strong endorsement for a state commission on commerce and industry was given by well known business men of this city when the project was taken up by the committee on ways and means at the state house. Many spoke in favor, and no voice was raised in opposition.

passionate, technical criticism. Every cow-puncher in the state would have voted with him against their own convictions on the spot. The chances are if he goes after the western labor element, he will get them in something, the same fashion.

Fourteen new cotton mills, with 121,000 spindles and 7750 looms, have been started in New Bedford the past year, and several will be added this summer, one possibly the largest in the country. The population has increased since 1900 from 62,000 to 100,000. The city owns two-thirds of the finest grade cotton goods used in the United States. Some New Bedford mills earned 100 per cent. on their capital the past year, the majority from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent. Total spindles are over 2,000,000. This looks like prosperity.

Brides in Australia are pelted with rose leaves.

## Kuroki welcomed to Seattle

Seattle, May 3.—General Kuroki and his staff, representatives of Japan to the Jamestown exposition, have arrived here. They received a royal and picturesque welcome by local Japanese and Americans. The government was represented by four army officers and two enlisted men, who will act as the escort of the party from Seattle to Washington.

## NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

William Lessard, 14 years old, was drowned in the Kennebec river at Waterville, Me.

The United States treasury department has confirmed the decision of Collector of Customs Darling of Vermont in making St. Albans the place where duties shall be assessed instead of Swanton.

The lower branch of the Massachusetts legislature passed to engrossment a resolve appropriating \$97,500 to provide for the purchase of new full dress uniforms for the state militia. By the bursting of a dam which contained the water of Eastman's pond in the town of Grantham, N. H., a sawmill and a large quantity of sawed lumber and logs were carried away.

A protest against the passage of the measure now before the Massachusetts legislature providing for the taxation of college and school property has been made by a committee of Massachusetts educators.

## Arrest of Embezzler Lincoln

Woonsocket, R. I., May 1.—Levi C. Lincoln, who confessed that he had embezzled \$92,000 from the Woonsocket Electric Machine and Poyer company, of which he was treasurer until recently, was arrested last night. A warrant issued on demand of the Fidelity and Deposit company of Baltimore, his bondsmen, specifically charges Lincoln with embezzling \$37,000 since Jan. 1 last. Lincoln is locked up and will attempt to obtain bail until after his arraignment in the police court.

## College Taxation Measure Killed

Boston, May 3.—The lower branch of the legislature killed the bill for the taxation of certain property held by colleges and universities, by a vote of 142 to 14.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

| STANDARD TIME. |         | SUN   |      | MOON  |      | HIGH WATER |       |
|----------------|---------|-------|------|-------|------|------------|-------|
| DATE           | 1907.   | RISES | SETS | RISES | SETS | RISES      | SETS  |
| 1 Sat          | 4 57 16 | 5 58  | 0 54 | 12 21 | 1 17 | 4 57       | 10 17 |
| 2 Sun          | 4 55 16 | 5 59  | 1 20 | 1 20  | 2 17 | 4 55       | 10 17 |
| 3 Mon          | 4 53 17 | 6 00  | 2 17 | 2 28  | 3 15 | 4 53       | 10 15 |
| 4 Tues         | 4 51 17 | 6 01  | 3 14 | 3 41  | 4 12 | 4 51       | 10 12 |
| 5 Wed          | 4 49 17 | 6 02  | 4 11 | 4 57  | 5 08 | 4 49       | 10 08 |
| 6 Thurs        | 4 47 18 | 6 03  | 5 08 | 5 52  | 6 04 | 4 47       | 10 04 |
| 7 Fri          | 4 45 18 | 6 04  | 6 04 | 6 47  | 6 52 | 4 45       | 10 02 |

Last Quarter, 5th day, 10h, 20m., morning.

New Moon, 12th day, 2h, 0m., morning.

First Quarter, 20th day, 3h, 35m., evening.

Full Moon, 28th day, 1h, 5m., evening.

## New Cottages with Barns For

## Sale on North Gibbs Avenue.

Offer for sale two recently built cottages on North Gibbs Avenue. Both of these cottages are on corner lots and have good barns. Each house has 7 rooms, bath, etc., hot water heating. Owing to owner leaving Newport each cottage will be sold at a very low figure. Apply immediately.

## A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport.  
Telephone No. 320.

## Deaths.

In this city, 27th ult., Emily O. Gibbs.  
In this city, 30th ult., at her residence, 101 Lewis street, Bezie M., wife of Bernard F. Nolan.  
In Newport, 2d inst., Rev. Hopkins B. Cady, son of the late Wesley and Alcy Hazen Cady, aged 66 years.  
In Jamestown, 1st inst., Gideon R. Latham, in his 62d year.  
In Portsmouth, 28th ult., Preserved Pierce, in his 88th year.  
In North Truro, 25th ult., Joseph Ayre, in his 66th year.  
In Woolwich, Me., 26th ult., Maria, widow of John Topham, aged 82 years.

## ABSOLUTE

## SECURITY.

## Genuine

## Carter's

## Little Liver Pills.

## Must Bear Signature of

*See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.*

FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIP

## EARLY IN FIELD

Whitney Wants the Democratic  
Nomination For Governor

## HE GIVES HIS REASONS

Seeks to Advance Economic and  
Commercial Policies of Vital Im-  
portance Both to Labor and Capital  
Vigorous Campaign Likely

Boston, May 2.—Henry M. Whitney announces that he is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor of Massachusetts. He desires to make the campaign on "business issues," as he puts it, particularly the tariff and Canadian reciprocity.

This announcement comes as the culmination of a series of happenings of more than ordinary importance in Democratic state politics. Several months ago Whitney hoped to be the Democratic candidate for governor this year, but evidences of former Governor Douglas' inclination to run led Whitney to hold his own aspirations in abeyance, since he believed the party not strong enough to suffer from the damage of an internal contest. If Douglas wanted to run Whitney desired to have him do so.

Mr. Douglas at last came out yesterday with a statement which substantially withdrew his name from the lists. Whitney accordingly concluded that the time had come for him to speak and to announce his desire to receive the Democratic nomination. It seems highly probable that he will receive it, in the light of the interviews of Democratic leaders which for some days have appeared in the public prints and other evidences that the party managers want him to head their ticket.

It will thus be, from present appearances, Whitney against Guild in November, and this means a vigorous fight.

Mr. Whitney last night gave out the following statement:

"After conferring with many business and political friends and reading the statement of ex-Governor Douglas that he does not desire to have his name considered in connection with the governorship, I have decided to announce my candidacy for the Democratic nomination for that office. While I understand that there is no other announced candidate now in the field, and therefore hope that no contest for the nomination will be necessary, I am in the field to stay.

"My candidacy is due to my strong desire to obtain an expression of opinion from the voters of Massachusetts upon the business policies, which can only be put into effect through political and legislative action, for which I stand. The only way to get a referendum vote of the people upon these questions seems to be through the candidacy for governor of some business man who stands for them and represents them.

"I have for years been making the fight for reciprocity with Canada along business lines, and taking this contest, together with the issue of a reasonable revision of the tariff, into politics in 1905, I came within 2000 votes of being elected lieutenant governor. I recognize the fact that this seems to make me the logical candidate at the next election in this state, and I announce my candidacy at the present time in order that commercial questions which I believe to be of such vital importance both to the labor and to the capital of Massachusetts and New England may be calmly considered by the people before we are in the heat of the political campaign. I am a business man, not a politician, and I am going into politics now only because that it is the only way to advance the economic and commercial policies which I have so deeply at heart.

"While I am a candidate for the Democratic nomination, I shall make my appeal to all who believe with me that close commercial relations with Canada and with other countries, by way of reciprocity or otherwise, are of great importance to the future prosperity of this commonwealth. I shall try, as far as possible, to make my candidacy a referendum to ascertain the public opinion upon these questions. I therefore hope to receive in my campaign the support of all whose ideas are in agreement with mine, of whatever party affiliations.

"I will try to show the wage earners of the state that they are interested beyond all others in the success of the commercial policies for which I stand. If Massachusetts capital is not profitably employed at home it can to some extent be sent elsewhere; labor cannot as easily change its field of employment.

"I stand for the expansion of industry and the fuller and more profitable employment of labor here at home, through the removal of the artificial barriers which have been enacted to confine our growth and hamper our prosperity by depriving us of the natural advantages of our geographical position.

"If elected governor upon the issues which I represent, and I firmly believe that I will be, I will endeavor to bring to the front the question of closer trade relations with Canada and the enlargement of our trade relations elsewhere."

Three Thousand Out at "Frisco"  
San Francisco, May 2.—The strike of the men employed in the iron trades went into effect yesterday. It is estimated that 3000 men are out.

Disaster in West Virginia Mine

Charleston, W. Va., May 2.—Three men were killed, four were severely burned and four others are entombed and probably dead as a result of a mine disaster at the Whipple mines in the Leap Creek district. The mine where the explosion occurred is a shaft 400 feet deep. The explosion occurred about 1200 feet from the foot of the shaft.

## DAMAGE IS NOT HEAVY

Booms Will Hold Runaway Drives of  
Logs Along the Connecticut,  
Woodville, N. H., May 3.—The spring freshet in the Connecticut river is believed to have reached its highest stage, 33 feet, 9 inches, which is almost 10 feet above the usual gauge and is higher by 3 or 4 feet than any record of the past 10 years.

No damage of consequence has been caused along the banks of either the Connecticut or Ammonoosuc rivers in this vicinity and thus far all highway bridges are safe. Drives of many million feet of logs are coming down both the rivers, borne on the crest of the floods, but it is believed that the booms here will be able to hold them and that no damage will result.

In the Connecticut river 6,000,000 feet of logs belonging to the Coos company escaped from the boom at Lancaster, many miles up the river, and are now on their way down the stream. A boom at Melndee is relied upon to hold this runaway drive without loss.

Interruptions to railroad traffic, which began Wednesday, have continued because of the high water which overflowed the tracks in several places.

## War on the Pacific Inevitable

Worcester, Mass., May 3.—In his speech before the Worcester Board of Trade last night, Leslie M. Shaw declared that war for the control of the Pacific ocean is inevitable. "We have not a collier, a transport, powder or supplies to last 48 hours," he said. "Other nations have. There are many ships in the merchant service of foreign countries which are under contract to leave the paths of commerce at a moment's notice to enter that of war. We have not one such as these. Same day there is to be an awful war. There are two nations that can contest for the Pacific, and this war will be settled at an awful cost."

## Judge Denies Wrongdoing

Edgartown, Mass., May 3.—Judge Edmund G. Eldridge of the district court was a witness in his own defense in his trial here on charges of larceny and conspiracy to steal. The offenses are alleged to have been committed while Eldridge was serving as selectman of Cottage City. He admitted the transactions in part as stated in testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution, but he asserted that he never used the money of the town unlawfully.

## Bribery Charge Not Sustained

Boston, May 3.—The jury in the case of Benjamin P. Nichols of Chelsea, charged with attempting to bribe Alderman Waver, rendered a verdict of acquittal. Nichols was immediately discharged by the court. It was charged that Nichols solicited Warren's influence in securing the vote of Alderman Gates for city auditor, and told him that there was \$50 in it for him if Gates would vote the way he was asked.

## Dead When Car Struck Him

Boston, May 2.—John Duggan fell from the elevated railroad structure at Forest Hills and a swiftly moving electric car ground his body. Duggan fell almost directly in front of the car, and the motorman had no opportunity to stop it. A doctor stated that Duggan was killed by the fall. The motorman of the car was arrested, but was released on security furnished by the railroad company.

## Submarine Tests on Ocean's Surface

Newport, R. I., May 3.—In the series of competitive tests for submarine torpedo boats in progress here, the submarine Lake was sent over the trial course on the surface. On the first series of three runs, with motor and engine, the average speed was 8.5 knots. In the second series, with gasoline engines alone, the average speed of three runs was 7.6 knots. The figures in each case are unofficial.

## Silk Flag For the North Pole

Bristol, Conn., May 2.—Robert E. Peary delivered his lecture on "The Stars and Stripes Nearest the North Pole" here last night in the armory. At its conclusion he was presented with a silk United States flag, four by six feet, by Cheney Brothers of South Manchester, Conn. In accepting the gift, Peary promised to plant it at the North Pole on his next trip to the polar regions.

## Strike Causes Freight Congestion

Waterbury, Conn., May 3.—The freight congestion which began on April 24, as the result of a strike among the platform men, followed a day later by the strike of freight handlers, daily becomes worse. The yard blockade is complete. Big shipments of perishable stuff have been cancelled in New York.

## Tragedy Ends Honeymoon

Hartford, May 3.—Mrs. Henry J. Hough shot herself in the head with a revolver at her home here, dying shortly after the shooting. She was married April 5 and was 30 years old. The medical examiner refused to state whether, in his opinion, the shooting was accidental or by design.

## A Gubernatorial Veto

Boston, May 3.—Governor Guild has vetoed house bill No. 798 accompanying the petition of Alfonso F. Hoyle, for legislation to exempt certain members of fire departments from certain civil service rules. The message was received in the house, was read and put over.

## Lineman Fatally Shocked

Boston, April 30.—Philip Henry, 30 years of age, an employee of the New England Telephone and Telegraph company, received a shock while at work on the wires on Parker street. He was placed in an ambulance and started for the City hospital, but died before reaching there.

## Hughes Vetoes Boxing Bill

Albany, April 30.—Governor Hughes last night sent to the senate his veto of the bill which would legalize boxing events under certain conditions. The bill passed both houses last year, but Governor Higgins allowed it to die in the 30-day period without comment.

## WITNESS BEATEN

Strike Breaker Roughly Handled  
During Recess of Court

## THE INJUNCTION HEARING

Testimony That Striking Teamsters  
at Boston Are Resorting to Violence  
Governor Says Police Understand  
Responsibility Resting Upon Them

Boston, May 3.—The injunction hearing in the supreme court, brought by the master teamsters against the striking teamsters, had a sensation when Joseph A. Tierney, one of the witnesses at the morning session, who testified that he had been assaulted by a number of strikers, appeared before Judge Loring at the afternoon session, and told the judge that he had suffered a second assault during the recess of the court.

Tierney's head was well bandaged when he appeared on the witness stand yesterday morning, but when he resumed his testimony in the afternoon he was a pitiable spectacle. His face was covered with blood, his clothes were torn and his hands were lacerated. Judge Loring was so moved by Tierney's appearance that he ordered a recess and went into the lobby to consult with other justices of the court.

When Loring resumed the hearing he stated that none of the witnesses introduced by the plaintiff need give their testimony, although he had intimated at the morning session, to the counsel for the strikers, that they might ask the witnesses for the plaintiff regarding their usual place of residence.

When the hearing began 20 witnesses were sworn. Some of them were employing teamsters whose men are out. Others were strikers and union officials, while a third party consisted of strike breakers, whose swollen faces and blackened eyes gave every indication of their rough experiences during the past 10 days.

Joseph J. Feeley appeared as counsel for the master teamsters, while P. W. Mansfield represented the strikers. The hearing was on the petition of the master teamsters for an injunction to restrain the union teamsters from interfering with the business of the struck firms.

Daniel J. Tobin, business agent of Team Drivers' union No. 25, the organization which ordered the strike, was the first witness called, and in the course of his testimony it developed that the petition for an injunction would affect about 13,000 teamsters in Boston and vicinity, while the union responsible for the strike has only about 4000 members. Only 825 are now on strike, these including 40 who are not fully affiliated with the organization.

Tobin was followed by several of the representatives of the struck firms, who testified to numerous incidents of molestation and attacks upon their teams. Tierney was also one of the witnesses at the morning session and gave a number of his experiences while driving a team belonging to the petitioners. He was followed by T. J. Sullivan, another of the strike breakers, who stated that he had been assaulted by bricks thrown from the roofs of houses in South Boston.

In a letter to J. J. Feeley, counsel for the master teamsters, Governor Guild states that "a close watch is being kept upon conditions to meet an emergency." The letter says in part: "Since I received the petition left by you at my office Wednesday afternoon, I have been through the entire situation very carefully with the police commissioner.

"I find that if the police do not afford sufficient protection as the situation is today it cannot be ascribed to lack of men, especially as there are certain reserves which can be utilized which have not yet been called out.

"The police fully understand the serious responsibility that now rests upon them. I have assured them that they will be thoroughly supported by me in prompt action against all law breakers, regardless of their affiliations. I am informed that so far, as a matter of actual record rather than of rumor, the arrests are pretty evenly divided between the two contending parties."

## Fatally Crushed by Elevator

Boston, May 2.—While delivering goods in the rear of the Arco building, Patrick Leary, a teamster, was instantly killed by being crushed between the counter weights and the frame bars of the freight elevator. On account of the elevator being so crowded with barrels Leary rode on the cross beams. As the third floor was approached the counter weights came on a level with Leary and he was caught.

## Seeks Release From Asylum

Augusta, Me., April 30.—Elmer L. Keyes of Bangor, who, about two years ago, was acquitted on the charge of murder on the ground of insanity, has petitioned the supreme court that he be released from the state insane asylum. There has been but one case of a similar nature in this state and in that one the petition was denied.

## Congressional Appropriations

Washington, May 1.—According to official figures just completed the total appropriations for the last session of congress was \$820,798,143. In addition to these specific appropriations contracts were authorized for public works requiring future appropriations aggregating \$47,331,819.

Joseph Scarami, 30 years old, a shoemaker, was run over on the Lynn, Mass., turnpike by a street railway car. He died after being taken to a hospital. Dr. George Nichols, formerly secretary of state of Vermont and for several years a member of the national Republican committee, died at Northfield, Vt., aged 80. He served in the Civil war as surgeon.

## MURDER OF CHILD

Charge Upon Which a Vermont  
Man Is Held

## UNCLE OF THE VICTIM

Girl Four Years of Age Probably  
Criminally Assaulted Before Her  
Throat Was Cut From Ear to Ear  
Body Thrown Into a Gravel Pit

Bennington, Vt., April 30.—Whatever mystery attached to the murder of little Ethel Mahan, 4 years old, whose body was found Sunday night in a gravel pit in North Bennington with the throat cut and evidences of a criminal assault, has been cleared up, according to a statement made by Deputy Sheriff Godfrey. In discussing the arrest of Alfred Mahan, an uncle of the child, Godfrey said:

"I cannot tell you all that we have learned, but I will say that I know that we have the right man. There is no question about it. I will not say whether or not a confession has been made. Attorney General Pitts and a pathologist from the University of Vermont in Burlington will come here to conduct a formal inquiry, and until their arrival, I can make no definite statement."

Alfred Mahan, who is 25 years old, is held in custody at the county jail and no one except the attendants is permitted to go near him. The jail authorities say that he will not be arraigned in court probably until after the autopsy on the body of the child. Although the feeling among friends of the parents of the child, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Mahan, because of the crime, is strongly expressed, there was no indication of any demonstration about the jail.

Deputy Sheriff Godfrey said his investigation had convinced him that Alfred Mahan had been drinking heavily for several days. According to the sheriff, the crime was committed apparently in the woods in North Bennington not long after the time when Mahan, according to his story told when he was first arrested, had left the girl to run back to her father, who was fishing in North Bennington pond. The body when found lay face downward in a small gravel pit near the tracks of the railroad at North Bennington, and not far from the Mahan home. The throat had been gashed from ear to ear and the clothing was disarranged.

It was easy to trace a trail of blood spots back to a tree at the summit of a knoll, a short distance from the pond, though concealed from it by bushes. It is believed that the murderer of the girl accomplished his purpose there and then carried the body in his arms a distance of 30 or 40 rods to the gravel pit, where it was found. There are said to have been stains resembling blood on Mahan's shirt when he was placed in custody at his brother's home. At that time, however, he denied all knowledge of the crime and said that he left the child to run back to her father by the shore of the pond, where Jeremiah Mahan was fishing.

A razor, with which it is probable that the deed was committed, was found in a handhole not far from the spot where the body was discovered.

The mother of the girl is prostrated by the tragedy and her condition is said to be very serious. Jeremiah Mahan is a farmer, while his brother, Alfred, has been employed as a laborer.

SKIN SORE 8 YEARS  
CURED IN A WEEK

Spent \$300 on Doctors and Remedies Which Gave No Relief—Skin on Limbs and Feet Rough and Sore—Work Often Impossible.

TRIES CUTICURA,  
WELL IN SEVEN DAYS

"Cuticura Remedies have entirely cured me after all other remedies had failed. Up to a week or so ago I had tried many other remedies and several doctors, and spent about three hundred dollars, without any success, but this is to-day the seventh day that I have been using the Cuticura Remedies (costing a dollar and a half), which have cured me completely. I had been suffering for eight years and have now been cured by the Cuticura Remedies within a week. I am much indebted to Cuticura, and shall certainly recommend it to all my friends and colleagues in the kitchen. Fritz Hirschfeld, 24 Columbus Ave., New York, N. Y., March 20 and April 6, 1906."

HAIR FALLING OUT  
Very Bad Dandruff on Scalp,  
Pimples Cover Face,  
Cuticura Cures.

"I used the Cuticura Remedies with great success. My face was a mass of pimples and the dandruff was so bad on my scalp that my hair all began to fall out, and a friend of mine told me of Cuticura and I began to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Before a month I saw a great change for the better, and now I am entirely cured. I had been suffering for eight years and have now been cured by the Cuticura Remedies within a week. I am much indebted to Cuticura, and shall certainly recommend it to all my friends and colleagues in the kitchen. Fritz Hirschfeld, 24 Columbus Ave., New York, N. Y., March 20 and April 6, 1906."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Skin Disease. My little girl is now four years of age, and knows the use of no other than Cuticura Soap. Her skin is perfect and her hair remarkable for her age. Mrs. W. C. Howard, 132 N. Tenn. Ave., Atlantic City, N. J., Jan. 22, 1906."

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The present rate of interest on this account is FOUR PER CENT.

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## HER MIND UNBALANCED

Woman Kills Husband and Self and  
Fatally Wounds Son

Providence, April 30.—Her mind unbalanced, it is thought, because of long continued nervous trouble, Mrs. Louisa Holden, 40 years of age, last night shot and almost instantly killed her husband, Lee S. Holden, then turned the revolver on her son, Louis A. Williams, 15, shooting him in the head, inflicting a fatal wound. She then shot herself in the head, dying a little over an hour later.

The tragedy occurred at the home of the Holdens. The husband is a member of the firm and Smith & Holden, dealers in oils and paints. The couple had been married for about five years. Mrs. Holden being divorced from her first husband. She evidently planned the deed, which was committed with a 32-calibre revolver.

The three bodies were in the bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Holden, the husband in bed, the boy on a cot and the woman lying unconscious on the floor between the two.

On account of her extreme nervous condition, Mrs. Holden's husband's rest had been greatly disturbed of late and a knowledge of this had troubled her greatly. In order to relieve her husband of the annoyance, she proposed last night that her son should occupy

the chamber with himself, while she went upstairs to the third floor to the room where her son has usually slept.

The theory is that after going upstairs to the room on the third floor, Mrs. Holden, actuated by a sudden freak of nervous insanity, secured a revolver and, descending to the room where her husband and son were sleeping, fired the shots as they lay unconscious.

Bryan Criticizes Quaker Maine Law

Bangor, Me., May 1.—William J. Bryan spoke in the Bangor opera house last night, a feature of his talk being a scathing allusion to information he had recently received that three Maine railroads received a rebate of 20 percent on their taxes on condition that they carry troops in time of war. Bryan said that in all his experience that was the most absurd excuse he had ever heard for draining money out of the common people.

Fortune Goes to Faithful Servant

Stratford, Conn., April 30.—By the will of Nehemiah Gorham the bulk of his estate is left to a negro servant, Ann G. Wright, aged 75, who entered the employ of the Gorham family at the time of Gorham's marriage over 50 years ago and who, since Mrs. Gorham's death 15 years ago, had been housekeeper for Gorham. In the will she is left \$5000 in cash and real estate valued at between \$15,000 and \$20,000.



## Coming Back to Beulah.

"Twenty years!" thought Amos Carpenter, as he watched Beulah in silence, while she studied out a difficult problem. He noticed that she did not yet wear glasses, and that the particular shade of her hair dress, with its velvet stock, made the brown of her hair look bright—almost golden. Having solved the problem of how the patch should go, she looked up with a frank smile.

"I suppose your children are nearly grown up by this time, Amos," she said.

"Albert is nine and Ralph seven," he answered. "I have their pictures, but I left them at Mercy Ann's. I'll bring them along if I come again."

"I should like to see them. I've often thought how much company they must be for you."

"Yes, they're a great comfort, but sometimes I feel rather overdone by the responsibility. I find it isn't enough merely to mean well, and that it requires rather unusual qualifications to be both father and mother."

She made no reply to this, and there was another short silence. Amos glanced about the room to discover where the charm of it lay. Was it the open wood fire?—the books?—the sunlight streaming in?—the plants in the window?—the exquisite newness of everything? He asked himself. No, it was Beulah herself, he decided when his eyes came back to her.

"You live here alone?" he asked aloud.

"Oh, no!—You remember Ann MacKintosh?"

"She was deaf and dumb, wasn't she?"

"Yes. She lives with me. Nobody else seems to want her, and she's contented here, and a great help. Just now she happens to be away for a few days. You see, I take boarders," she added, blushing a little.

"Oh, do you?" Amos said. Somehow he felt disappointed. He had come intending to stay to tea and spend the evening, and the boarders would spoil it all.

"I haven't heard a word from you in a long time," she said. "Not since your father went to make his home with Mercy."

"Well, I suppose I may be said to have prospered. I never expected to do but as well," and he went on to describe his level acres in the West, his crops, his experiences, the work he had accomplished.

It was very pleasant to be telling Beulah about it, to meet the understanding look, the appreciative smile, the ready sympathy. He could not recall when he had talked so freely to any one about his affairs.

He stopped suddenly, for there was the sound of voices, children's voices.

"They're my boarders," Beulah explained, and then the inner door burst open and three children rushed in. A pretty little boy of five made a dash for Beulah, and scrambling into her lap encircled her neck with his arms; a boy a year or two older shouted that he had a "star card"; the other boy was tugging at his pocket to get out an apple he had brought for her, telling meanwhile how he happened to have it; and a fourth boy came tearing in, at the back door, with a dog, which Amos had heard whining a little while before, and now was barking like mad.

The clamor partially ceased while Beulah introduced her boarders to her visitor, then broke forth again.

"Can't we go over to the Belchers?" they shouted, when Beulah had admitted the apple, shown her appreciation of the star, and seen how well the dog had learned to "give paw" and "speak." "Mrs. Belcher came out and told us to ask you if we couldn't. She said it was our turn. Truly, she did."

Yes, they could go, Beulah told them, but they must all put on their overalls and other jackets, and she followed them to the kitchen to get them the cookies they declared they were starving for. There pandemonium seemed to reign, the dog doing his part, till the jackets and overalls had been put on. Then there was the opening of the back door, a loud slamming of the same, and sudden silence.

Beulah returned to the sitting room with a pink flush in her cheeks, her shiny hair a little rumpled, her eyes twinkling, her lips smiling. She looked young, almost girlish.

"Well, if that wasn't a circus then I never saw one," Amos laughed. "I thought my boys could beat the world on noise, but I see now that I was mistaken."

"They're not often as noisy as that," she apologized. "It is only that they're just out of school and have to let off steam some way."

"So those are your boarders. Who are they? Where did you find them? How did it happen?"

"I'll tell you, and then you can laugh again, if you want to. Most people think it is very amusing."

"You see, I've always had to do with old people. There was grandmother. You remember her. Nobody could manage her but me and so I finally came to have the whole care of her. Then Aunt Jane had a paralytic shock, and I took care of her till she died. Then, father—you know he had an accident? It affected his mind and there were years when it wasn't safe to leave him alone a minute hardly. When he died, I was worn out, and felt as if I wanted to die too."

"But I picked up after a while, and then I decided to have a change; I'd try young people. I've always loved children, and I love them now."

"I don't think there could be any doubt about that," he laughed, "after the late exhibition."

"It is a dreadful thing, a most unnatural thing, isn't it?" she said, a little defiantly. "According to all tradition on the subject, an old maid should detest children, and love cats, which I can't bear."

"I don't think being married or single has anything to do with it," he said, and he was no longer laughing. "I know a woman who was married, and she had so little love for her three children that she left them to go on the lecture platform; the night she went, the oldest, a little girl, was dangerously ill, and before morning was dead."

His voice was hard.

Beulah hastened to resume her explanation. "I wanted to adopt some children, but I hadn't the means—only this farm that would barely keep me alone. Then someone told me of the children the State has in charge, and that seemed just the thing; they needed someone to be good to them, and I could take them because the State pays their board. Not very much, but enough so that I could manage by being economical. I've tried it a year now, with Ann Macintosh to help me. There's only one drawback; I am getting attached to the children, and when they get to be ten years old I shall have to let them go. If I could adopt them, I could keep them forever."

Amos's answer to this seemed a lit-

tle irrelevant. "I see now, Beulah, what has kept you so young."

He arose and walked about the room, half absently examining the mantel ornaments, the books on the table, and gazing from the different windows.

Beulah's eyes followed him, now.

"How strong he looks," she thought, "and yet, no one would ever dream of being afraid of him. How could she leave him and the children? How could she do it? I wonder if she has ever come back to them. He seems to feel bitterly toward her. I wish I could say something comforting, but it is too delicate a subject for any one, and more especially for me, to meddle with," and she sighed.

Amos came back to the fire and resumed his chair, and Beulah, glancing at his face, decided she had made a mistake in thinking he looked unhappy.

"I can almost make it seem as if we were young again, and sitting here as we used to sit," he said. "Do you remember the evening I found Amos Harlow here, and we tried to out-stay each other, and you got tired of trying to make us talk, and at about eleven o'clock excused yourself and didn't come back?"

They both laughed at the recollection, and then followed other reminiscences. All Beulah folded her sewing and said she must go and get supper. "You can come out and watch me do it if you want to," she said. "It won't be the first time."

It had become easy for them to talk now, and there were no pauses as Beulah stepped back and forth between kitchen and parlor.

Then the children came in, and they all sat down to the table. Amos seemed to delight in the boys and in Beulah's management of them, and his eyes twinkled with amusement, and the corners of his mustache twitched.

"Don't you ever scold them?" he asked.

The oldest boy spoke up quickly and respectfully. "No sir! she doesn't ever scold us."

Amos wandered into the sitting room and looked at the magazines on the table while supper was being cleared away. There was little chance for conversation till eight o'clock came, and the boarders went reluctantly upstairs to bed.

"I suppose you have heard of my—domestic troubles, Beulah?" Amos said then, as if he shrunk from approaching the subject, but he felt he must.

"I have heard something about it," she answered deprecatingly.

"You know then to whom I referred when I spoke of the woman who deserted her children?"

"I thought I did."

He hesitated a moment, then asked again. "You know, I suppose, that she—my wife—is dead?"

She gave him a startled glance. "No, I did not know that," she answered, slowly.

"Yes," she said nearly two years ago. I feel very little toward her at times, even now," he went on, "and then at other times I can see her side and think that 'after all perhaps I have only myself to blame. I don't know but it is just as bad for a man as it is for a woman to marry just for the sake of a home; maybe he deserves all he gets, even though he does mean to do the right thing by the one he marries."

"But you have your boys," Beulah said a little wistfully.

Just here there came an insistent, vigorous summons from above for Beulah. "I go up and tuck them in and hear them say their prayers," she explained as she arose and left the room.

When she returned, Amos was standing before the fire, his hands clasped behind him, gazing down into the coals. He looked at her as she came and stood near him, holding out her hands to the blaze.

"Beulah," he said, straightening up, "there is something I have been wanting to know for a long, long time."

"What is it?"

"Why you said 'No' to that question I asked you twenty years ago tonight?"

She colored faintly. "I have never been able to quite understand why myself," she answered in a low voice. "I have thought it might have been because it was so unexpected."

"Unexpected? Why Beulah! It had been in my mind for years that when I grew to be a man I should ask you to be my wife. Even as a small boy I thought of you as belonging to me, somehow. It seems as if you must have seen—have known."

She shook her head. "I never suspected it. You took the place of the brother I never had. That is the way I have always thought of you."

"If I had given you time to get used to the idea, would your answer have been different? There was suppressed eagerness in his tone.

"It might have been," she said, very low.

He studied her averted face a moment. "Beulah, do you know why I came East at this time?" he asked.

"To settle your father's estate, I suppose."

"That was merely an excuse; the estate could have been settled without my stirring from home. I came for the reason that, since I have been free to think of you again, the longing to see you had grown too strong to be resisted. Beulah, will you give me a different answer to that old question now? Haven't twenty years been long enough for you to get used to the idea? If it has not," he added whimsically, "I will allow you a few days more. I don't want to hurry you."

She smiled.

"What do you say?" he urged.

"I was wondering what the boys—your two boys—would," she began, but he interrupted her.

"Why not our two boys?"

"Well, then, our two boys?"

But she did not finish the sentence.

—Elizabeth Robbins, in Springfield Republican.

## The Decision.

"What did the consultation of specialists in Millynn's case decide?"

"I think it was on five hundred dollars a piece."—Baltimore American.

As the new minister of the valley was on his way to evening service he met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to have become an active member of the church.

"Good evening, my young friend," he said solemnly. "Do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, regularly every Sunday night," replied the young fellow, with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The most ominous sign in the financial world at present is furnished by the fact that it is some time since John W. Gates has bet a million dollars on anything or anybody. —Washington Post.

## The American Duchess.

Countess Vanderbilt, duchess of Marlborough, has practically completed plans for a unique charity of big scale. This enterprise takes the form of a home in London for the wives and children of imprisoned criminals—innocent sufferers for the misdeeds of husbands and fathers—and to make a home for them or some of them. The duchess of Marlborough has taken a 21-years' lease of a roomy building in Eadleigh st., St. Pancras. This is being reconstructed entirely by her orders, and negotiations are in progress for the use of two buildings on either side. When all these have been opened and time has proved their usefulness the duchess may put up special buildings or add to her leased adjoining houses on the same block. For with her this is not a new charitable occupation of the Lenten season, nor the passing and fleeting duty of a great body of the land, but a life work in carrying out which she hopes to solve one of London's many social problems.

Soon after the estrangement between the Marlboroughs, the queen suggested that the duchess devote her time to hard work in order to get her mind off her troubles. Her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, was with the duchess at the time, and together they went to the Church army and had a talk with its leader, Rev. Wilson Carle. Mr. Carle took her to 9 Banner street, St. Luke's, where, in the midst of the city slums, the army has its little branch devoted to the aid of prisoners' wives and families. The work is carried on in a modest way without publicity, by Mrs. Hodder, wife of Capt. Hodder, the man in charge of the firework department of the Church army. The duchess was asked to help, and help she did. She bought 500 blankets, 1,000 yards of cotton to be made into sheets and underclothing, boots and shoes—everything, in fact, that Mrs. Hodder and she needed. And she began visiting the wives of the prisoners. Ricketty stairs in noisome slums she climbed by the score.

This was the beginning of an interest that has developed into the larger plan for continuing the good work. Firstly, she explained, there should be a building devoted to children. Here the little ones should live until their fathers' sentence ended and the family could be united once more. Here they should be taught to work, to read and write and play. The next item of the duchess's plan was a maternity home, thoroughly equipped as a real home. Lastly she declared she would have a women's home. Here prisoners' wives were to be housed, at least those whose health or condition needed something better than the accommodations of their own home. And here should be an employment bureau and skilled women to teach these prisoners' wives sewing, domestic economy, ironing, artificial flower-making and such like simple industries.

The occasion was that of a fashionable wedding.

The house set for the ceremony was eight o'clock, and the church was filled, but the bride party did not arrive upon the scene until nearly nine.

The organist filled in the time by playing a few pieces of appropriate music as happened to be at hand, most of them several times over, and when he had exhausted these he began to improvise.

"Graders," said one of the vestrymen, after the ceremony was over and the congregation had gone. "I have been puzzling my brains over that thing you played just before the bride and groom came. There was a familiar strain that ran through it, but your variations effectively disguised the theme. What was it?"

"I'll tell you," answered the organist, "if you won't say anything to the preacher about it. It was 'Waiting at the Church.'"—Chicago Tribune.

The schoolmistress had been attempting in vain by means of a lengthy lecture to make her scholars grasp the names of the various ingredients that go toward the making of a loaf of bread.

At length she sent one of the children to the village baker to fetch a loaf, and on its arrival she held it up and began once more to describe its manufacture.

Then, after half an hour's earnest talk, she ventured to question them on the subject.

"Charley," she said to the boy nearest her, tell me what bread is made of."

The boy instantly obliged.

"Please, miss," he answered, eagerly, "loaves and crumbs."

"One of the brightest and wisest little patients in the surgical ward of one of the city hospitals lay on her bed Monday with pain, says the Boston Post. She had just come to consciousness after a slight operation, and though only 6 years old, was exhibiting heroic nerve."

Yet she couldn't keep from occasional low cries escaping her. She was the poor child who hates above all things to give trouble, and when one of the nurses stopped before her and, as she thought, looked a bit reproachfully down at her, she explained, between the paroxysms, with a pitiful little smile:

"Oh, Miss Smith, I can't help it, I can't help it! I'm not used to operations."

William Barclay Parsons is a foe to scamped work, and at a recent dinner in New York he said: "That man is most unwise who tries to get his work done cheap. Cheap work can always be secured, but the quality of such work is on its face."

Mr. Parsons, smiling, interrupted himself to tell a story. "There was a man," he said, "who entered a dairy and asked how much the milk was. 'Ten cents a quart, sir,' the young woman behind the counter answered. The man looked disappointed. 'Haven't you got any for 6 cents?' he asked."

"No," said the young woman; 'but,' she added, 'we can save you some.'"

Secretary Taft was, on one occasion, in consultation with Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania. The secretary is gigantic and the senator is taller and weighs more than any member of the senate.

While these two statesmen were in earnest conversation, an aggressive politician endeavored to enter the room, but an alert secretary politely interfered.

"What are they doing in there?" asked the politician, inquisitively.

This impertinent question nettled the secretary, and he answered tersely: "Holding a mass meeting, I presume."

## CASTORIA.

Is the Kid You Have Always Bought

## Simple Spelling.

The postmaster of Manchester has a large number of correspondents, and some of them have large ideas of his official duties, to judge by some specimens quoted at a gathering of postal officials on Saturday evening. It is not generally known that marriage licenses can be obtained at the post office, but that is not enough for some people. Among a batch of letters addressed to the postmaster recently was one from an American, who wrote: "I am a man of medium height, black wavy hair, weight 16 stone, age 30 years, profession faith, wish to correspond with good Christian girl. No other need apply; object matrimony. I am a barber by trade. I earn \$50 per month, and have a small business and a house of my own. Also a farm of 120 acres. Photos exchanged." Another letter ran: "Mr. Postmaster, please give this to some man that is got some dogs that can and will catch a red fox. I have got good dogs but they can't run fast enough or they hunt the wild if you will in sure your dogs to catch a red fox I will send for one or a pair and tell me what you will take for them. I'll soon tell me what stock you have got and how long they will run."—Manchester Guardian.

With Effect.

A well known American press artist was camping in Colorado with his sons. They were living in a tent, and when news came of a nocturnal murder in the near neighborhood there was a good deal of nervousness manifested by the youngsters, who objected to going to bed in the circumstances.

The artist then hit upon an original device. He cut out some silhouettes representing men of the roughest Western type, with long, fierce mustaches, some with cigars, and all with pistols in their belts, and in the attitude of men intensely interested in a game of cards.

These silhouettes he carefully fastened to the inner canvas of the tent. At night the boys stepping outside into the darkness to view the result, were entranced with its success.

The shadows thrown from the silhouettes in the lighted interior indicated a tent filled with card playing, pistol shooting desperadoes. It was magnificent.

Thenceforth the family slept in peace.—Chums.

Call for a Repetition.

"The little village could not boast of having many entertainments, and a concert was an event that was looked forward to with delight by the inhabitants. It was at one of these 'musical feasts' that a stranger sang with 'great feeling' 'The Village Blacksmith.'"

In response to a vociferous encore, the singer was about to start: "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," when the chairman begged his coat off.

"Better sing the old 'un over again, mister," he whispered. "I happen to be the chap you've been singing about—the village blacksmith—and I reckon it'd be fair to me if you was to sing it over again as 'pop in another verse say' as 'ow I let out bicycles.'"—Tit-Bits.

The King in Paris.

King Edward is a profound, a wise and a pacific politician. What greater eulogy can be passed on a sovereign?—Le Petit Parisien.

I have often drawn attention to the diplomatic and military dangers of the entente cordiale, but the friendly presence of the king is too closely bound up with the monarch's neutrality among parties to lead to any risk of losing personal popularity. —M. Juler in L'Eclair.

King Edward knows that he is always welcome and always at home in this country. The bad humor of some German journals will not disturb us. The sojourn of Queen Alexandra in France is particularly agreeable and precious to us.—Le Figaro.

Scottish folk are proverbially canny and prudent in money matters, and the following shows that the younger generation is no exception to the rule.

A teacher in a lowland school was taking mental arithmetic with a class of boys. She asked one urchin: "How much would your mother give you to buy four pounds of sugar at one and six a pound?"

"We never get so much at once as that, mum."

"Never mind that. Four pounds at one and six."

"But we canna afford the one and six, mum. We always have the one and two."

"Answer the question. What would she give you to pay for four pounds of tea at ten?"

"Nawhile, mum."

"What do you mean by 'nawhile'?"

"She's us' gie me only twabees. She'd tell me to ask the mon to pit it in."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! But supposing she did?"

With a plying smile came the reply.

"I can see y're ne'er met me mither, mum." Phila. Public Ledger.

F. A. Whitney of Meeteetse, Wyo., a rich rancher, during a recent visit to New York told a story about a little slum urchin whom he had seen on a month's vacation into the country.

"The lad," he said, "though we got much from the mushroom and milk from the milkweed. One morning a lady pointed to a horse in the field and said: 'Look at the horse, Jimmy.' 'That's a cow,' the boy contradicted."

"No, it's a horse," said the lady.

"Faint. It's a cow," said the boy.

"Hence has wagons to 'em."—

The Charwoman (talking of the house where her daughter is a house-maid)—Yes, they 'ave got some fine things, and no mistake! Why, their dinner service is a 'undred and six pieces.

Mrs. Brown (a spiteful neighbor)—Yes, I know it is. Your daughter Jane dropped it.

Young Girl—Is it true, mamma, that I cannot read that book of which every one is talking until after I have been divorced?—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Megendorfer Blatter.

Footnote Lighte—And you say she can't believe a thing her husband says?

Miss Sue Brette—Certainly she can't! Her husband is a press agent!—Yonkers Statesman.

You say he is active in politics?"

"Yes."

"Conspirator, liar or politician?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Women's Dep't.

The precise number of enfranchised women in the Australian Commonwealth is placed at 993,375 by the London Chronicle.

In the Norwegian Storting there are six bills providing for the enfranchisement of women. The women of Norway already have municipal suffrage.

An association to obtain the suffrage for women in Switzerland has been organized by the best known and wealthiest ladies in Geneva, according to press dispatches, and is "being warmly supported by deputies, university professors and others."

A Man's League for Woman Suffrage has been organized in London. An active campaign of meetings for men only will be inaugurated in the fall. Stanton Colt, son of Elizabeth Colt, late of Columbus, and one of the most beloved of Ohio's pioneer woman suffragists, has been elected Treasurer.

Among the women elected to the Finnish Diet are Alexandra von Gripsholm, Baroness, and Maria Sillanpaa, president of the Working Girls' Union. The latter was consulted by the Socialists but supported by the women of all parties on account of her thorough knowledge of conditions among the women of the working classes.

The city of Ghent proposes to have women police and will start with twelve women officers between the ages of 40 and 50, who must be unmarried or childless widows. They will not be uniformed but will be provided with necessary credentials to insure their admittance any where that they may have occasion to go.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, the actress-author, has written a play called "Votes for Women" which has been produced at the Court Theatre in London. A wonderful reproduction of an open air meeting in support of woman suffrage is a feature of the performance of which the Morning Post (London) says, "It is a marvel of realism. It may, however, prove a good deal more than that. It may advance the cause of female suffrage more than any number of meetings in Pall Mall Square could do."

Miss Robins is a sister of Raymond Robins, Chicago's famous citizen.

Cities and Spring Housecleaning.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says:—"Once upon a time all reforms began in the East, and swept onward toward the wild and woolly West, which wasn't supposed to know it needed reforming. Now the order of things is reversed. Take city housecleaning. Boston and New York look as dirty as they like, and feel pleased to have it so. It is Denver, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, and New Orleans that have a regular spring cleaning on a day set by the mayor, when streets, alleys, backyards and sidewalks are cleaned, together with any other thing of the kind that needs it."

One reason may be that the West gives a fiercer hand to women in public work than does the more conservative East. In Denver, the women have had full suffrage for the last 13 years, and have used their power for the cleaning up and beautifying of their city. Chicago has appointed a woman to superintend the street-cleaning of its chief business district, and Jane Adams and the other heads of "settlements" have taught the children to lend a hand, a myriad little active hands—to the crusade for clean streets. No wonder that Jane Addams and almost all the other women of the settlements united in the effort to secure municipal suffrage for women in the new City Charter of Chicago.

In Kalamazoo, the cleaning up of the city was brought about by the efforts of Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane and the women's club. In New Orleans, the last Constitutional Convention gave taxpaying women a vote on tax questions, and it was the women of the Sewerage and Drainage League who carried the election in favor of improved sewerage and drainage and a pure water supply.

Women are the natural housekeepers, and the more voice they have in the regulation of any city, the cleaner and more beautiful they will make the streets where their children are to play.

—Alice Stone Blackwell.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's SCOTCH WHISKY has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is a most reliable and safe remedy for a sick child suffering from teething, and it is a most reliable and safe remedy for a sick child suffering from teething, and it is a most reliable and safe remedy for a sick child suffering from teething.

No photographs are ever taken of women in China.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Little Liver Pills, she can't be, for they make her feel like a different person, at least so they all say, and their husbands, at too. Carter's Little Liver Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness and give strength and rest. Try them.

Blackheads in infancy, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure them? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

It is in Australia are pelted with loose leaves.

Pale face, indigestion, dyspepsia, and loss of energy, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

Texas now leads all the States in railway mileage.

There is no so-called line of medicines that goes so far in return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Plaster and Rheumatism Plaster.

## Sitting for your Picture.

The color of your gown is unimportant. Black, dark green, crimson, brown and yellow take nearly the same shade, while white and the light tints reproduce about alike.

Your neck should not be dressed too high or too tight or in an exact circle. With high neck dressing a long face overhangs and becomes almost deformed, while a round face looks button shaped, and none of the little tricks of hairdressing or expression can remedy it.

If your neck is short do not lose what you have, but lower the drapery, do a little judicious borrowing, and, presto, the face that was round becomes oval.

In any case the neck must not be hidden, for all the action and grace of position in a bust portrait centres there. A dress cut low in the neck always seems much higher in a photograph than to an observer. A heavy featured face is softened and made delicate by a soft bit of neck dressing, a bit of lace being preferable to the stiff, standing collar.

If you have a thoroughly artistic photographer, it is worth while to consult him beforehand as to your dress. Let him know what it is to be, or you may be undecided which of several to use, and he will tell you at once which is best in color or in cut, etc. While you are talking with him about dress he is studying your face, expression and figure and style generally.

If he also be an artist and experienced, he may see at a glance that your customary way of dressing the hair is not becoming; for, strange as it may seem, comparatively few women have the knack of arranging their hair in the mode demanded by their faces.

While he knows that the portrait must not be ruined by the hair being done up in an unfamiliar way, he may yet give a few valuable suggestions; for instance, to be more careful in dressing the left side than the right, thus qualifying that the left side of the face is the better. Few have both sides alike.

The uneven shaping of the lips alone may decide which side of the face should be prominent.—N. Y. Mail.

The Engineer's Story.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the fat engineer. "A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I almost cry every time I think of it."

"I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the tracks cut to the street. I looked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, no more than three years old, trotted onto the tracks. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and, after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more."

"As we slowed down, my fireman struck his head out of the cab window to see what I stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me, 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying so that I knew she wasn't hurt and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept laughing, but cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home!"

Knew He Was Innocent.

A young American lawyer was consulting in the jail with his informant client, charged with stealing a stove.

"No, no," he said soothingly; "I know, of course, you didn't really steal the stove. If I thought for a minute that you were guilty I wouldn't defend you. The cynics may say what they like, but there are some conscientious men among us lawyers. Yes, of course, the real difficulty lies in proving that you didn't steal the stove, but I'll manage it, now that you have assured me of your innocence. Leave it all to me and don't say a word. You can hand me over ten dollars now and pay me the rest."

"Ten dollars, boss!" repeated the accused man, in a hoarse voice. "Why don't you make it ten thousand dollars? I'd pay you just as easy. I ain't got no money."

"No money?" The lawyer looked indignant.

"Now, er, know where I kin git any, either?"

The young lawyer seemed plunged in gloom. Suddenly he brightened.

"Well," he said, more cheerfully, "I like to help honest men in trouble. I'll tell you what to do. I'll get you out of this scrape and we'll call it square if you'll send the stove around to my office. I need one."—Tit-Bits.

At a Sunday school the teacher asked each one of the children in her class to stand up in turn and quote something from the Scriptures as she had requested them to learn during the week. In turn each scholar arose and recited his or her verse.

One little girl, whose mother was too busy to teach her a verse from the Scriptures at the time the child asked her, and whose father was out of town on business, got up when her turn came and exclaimed: "Papa is out West, and mamma don't know nothin'!"

Muttering—I can't do a thing with Smith, the new clerk. I've had him in three departments, and he does all day long.

Proprietor—Put him at the pajama counter and fasten this card on him!

"Our nightclothes are of such a superior quality that even the clerk who sells them cannot keep awake."—Le Rire.

A gentleman purchased a stamp at a drug store, but, failing to make it stick to his envelope, gave it back and asked for another.

"It's very strange," said the druggist, "that's the sixteenth time I have had that stamp back this morning."—Uk.

"Does the express stop here?" asked the travelling man at a small Virginia station of a negro boy who shuddered by his wheelchair.

"No, sah," replied the negro politely. "It doesn't even healtie, sah."—New York Press.

## CASTORIA.

Is the Kid You Have Always Bought

## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. State all queries as briefly as possible.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.
7. Direct all communications to:

Miss E. M. TILLEY,  
Newport Historical Rooms,  
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1907.

## NOTES.

QUAKER FAMILIES OF R. I.  
Continued.

## WOODWORTH.

Abner, born Little Compton, R. I., 1725, married 1748, Hannah Dyer of Norwalk, Conn., and settled at Salisbury, Conn., where nine children were born. Of these, four removed to Benton, Yates Co., with their father, who was then a widower, about 70 years of age. He died 1809, aged 81, leaving 2 children. His daughter, Hannah, married Gideon Wolcott Senior. His son Dyer was a blacksmith and lived in Benton, until 1814, when he removed with his six children to White Water, River, Indiana.

Elisha (brother of Abner) settled, 1798, in Benton, N. Y., with his two sons, Erastus B. and Elisha Jr., (see below) and cleared a farm of eight acres. The following winter he returned for his wife and seven remaining children. His wife was Ann Bradley, a native of Dutchess Co., who died 1823, in her 70th year. He died 1803, aged 57. Children:

1. Polly, married 1800, Dr. Calvin Fargo, who was in early life a school teacher. In 1817 moved to Indiana where he died, suddenly, in 1818. His family returned to Benton and the widow lived to advanced age. They had eight children; a son, Russell R. Fargo, was 1846, appointed Clerk of Yates Co.

2. Erastus B. born 1779, was a physician. He married, 1807, Olive widow of James Barden, and sister of Elisha, and Dr. Walter Wolcott. They lived at Flint Creek, where both died. Their three children were John H. Hector T. and Ann H. died also. Dr. Woodworth was surgeon of 42d. Regiment, Infantry, on the staff of Col. Thomas Lee, commissioned March 27, 1819. He held the office of Postmaster at Flint Creek for several years, and was also Justice of the Peace.

3. Elisha, Jr., born 1781, school teacher of Benton; married, 1805, Sarah Kelsey and settled near Beltona. Had four children; Harriet, married Edward Perry, of Middlesex; Jane, married Rowland Perry, went to Grand Blanc, Mich.; Catherine, married — Bates of Middlesex, removed to Grand Blanc, as did her brother Ariel, who married her husband's sister.

4. Sarah, born 1788, married 1803, Nathan P. Cole, of Benton.

5. Abner, 2d. born 1785, married 1818, Isabella Black, of Seneca, and settled on the paternal homestead. After some years removed to Penn Yan, where they died the same year, (1858). "He was a genial, social, popular man; Justice of the Peace, 24 years, in Benton, County Clerk 3 years, and Candidate for Representative in Congress, 1842. Was Captain of a Company drafted from Benton in the war of 1812, and afterward was active in securing remuneration for the soldiers of the war."

6. Ariel, born 1787, was a physician, and died, unmarried, at Canadawaga, 1812.

7. Amy, born 1789, married Joseph Williams, settled in Soda N. Y., where she died, 1868. Had four children: Susan A., Andrew C., Alexander B. and Charles O.

8. Anna, born, 1792, married John Sherman of Penn Yan.

9. Pamela, born 1794, married John Meaus, of Seneca, and settled there. Had Elizabeth, Ada B. and Francis. L. R. C.

## QUERIES.

6360. BUTTERWORTH, MASON.—On page 227, vol. III, No. 4, Mayflower Descendants, among a list of inhabitants of Rehoboth, Mass., who petitioned Governor Bradford concerning the division of land between the town of Rehoboth and Captain Miles Standish, dated June 28, 1638, are the following names: John Butterworth, Robert Martin, William Sabin and Nicholas Ide. Was this John Butterworth the father of Mary, who married Sampson Mason of Rehoboth about 1650?—A. C. M.

6367. COLE, LUTHER, KINGSLEY.—On page 246, vol. VII, No. 4, Mayflower Descendants, Eastham vital records: James Cole and Hannah Childs were married tenth day of January, 1633-4. Among their children were: Ruth, born Nov. 13, 1638; and Mary born Sept. 14, 1634. Is this Ruth Cole the one who married Deacon Nathaniel Luther of Swansea, Mass.? And the Mary Cole marry Jonathan Kingsley of Kingsley of Swansea Mass.?—A. C. M.

6368. SHAW.—Can any one tell me if John and Remembrance Shaw of Newport, children of Sylvanus Shaw of the Revolutionary Army, had any descendants? In 1818, John Shaw seems to have been living.—C. S.

6369. MUNRO, LINDSEY.—Can any one tell me if Mary, wife of Wm. Munro of Bristol, was Mary Lindsey? His will was dated April 16, 1746, proved May 12, 1767, and mentions brother John Lindsey late of Bristol deceased. We know that John Lindsey married Elizabeth Munro. In Newport, Christopher Lindsey makes brother William Munro of Bristol an executor of his will. Did he call William Munro brother because John married a sister of William?—F. L.

Goffer (who rather excuses himself). I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh? (The caddy takes no notice.) Goffer (in his loudest tone). I say, I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh? Caddy. I heard vera well what you said, I'm just thinkin' about it. Pacific Outlook.

No photographs are ever taken of women in China.

## THE BUSY BEAVERS.

## These Tireless Workers Have Altered America's Landscape.

Because its operations are chiefly nocturnal, so that it is seldom or never seen, and because of its skill in controlling water and in house building, something of mystery has grown up about the beaver. It is said that it fells trees for the purpose of building its dams and can lay a tree where it wishes to with the accuracy of the most skilled axman. It is said also that it uses its tail as a trowel, plastering the mud on its houses and dams with this appendage as a mason spreads his mortar.

Myths like these will probably have a long life. The latter belief is no doubt encouraged by the beaver's frequent habit of slapping the water or earth with its tail as an alarm signal whenever it is startled. There are many unexplained things about the beaver's life.

Long before the white man came to America the beaver was hard at work building his dams all over the country and in narrow and sometimes in wide stream valleys, arresting the water and so collecting in its ponds the detritus swept down from the hills and from the upper reaches of the stream. As this sediment gradually filled up the shallow ponds the beaver moved to other places, and when in time the dam broke down and the waters drained off a wide level meadow was left—the bottom of the old pond.

All over the continent in suitable localities, from Mexico north to the tree limit and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, this was going on century after century, and in this way no doubt were made vast areas of level meadow, whose origin is now unsuspected by the people who occupy them.—Forest and Stream.

## PUZZLES IN NATURE.

## Some of the Seeming Contradictions That Science Encounters.

The man of science, like the man of law, has brought before him many an anomaly; but, unlike the judge or the advocate, he knows that the contradictions he studies are only such in seeming. He feels confident that nature at the core is in agreement with herself. Any day, he believes, these apparent contradictions may be resolved into cases of detected law, not simple enough to disclose itself to aught but the most rigorous analysis.

In the realm of heat it seems that certain rules of radiation, conduction, boiling points and the like are general, not universal. In most cases they act as if alone; in a few cases their effect is masked by causes as yet not understood. Let a few cases as perplexing as that of the alloys under refrigeration be briefly recounted.

Common solder has a lower melting point than any of its ingredients. Sulphur fuses at 120 C. and thickens again at 220 C. When steel is heated and dipped into cold water it is hardened; the same treatment softens copper. While almost every substance expands with heat, rubber shrinks. In most cases electrical conductivity is impaired by increase of temperature, yet a carbon pencil rises to an almost threefold augmentation of conductivity when brought to incandescence in an electric lamp.

We may be well assured that when these anomalies are resolved the explanations will bear in their train other difficulties for research yet more subtle. Science never does worthwhile work than where, as here, she points to her own unfinished walls and bids the student as a privilege and a duty to supply their gaps as best he may.—George Hies.

## Rhode Island Sanitary

## DUST REMOVING CO.

With our 30 Horse-Power Engine we Cleanse Your House from Altitude to Basement in a Few Hours' Time.

## Guaranteed Dustless.

A combination of Compressed Air and Water. The pressure dislodges the dirt. The suction removes it to a tank in the wagon. The only System of its kind in the world. CONVENIENT—Everything cleaned in place, with less inconvenience than accomplishing the same by daily sweeping.

THOROUGH—Every particle of dust and dirt removed. Our apparatus reaches every nook, corner and crevice.

## C. W. TWOMEY,

NEWPORT MANAGER.

Telephone 998 3-11

## CARR'S.

Blank Books,  
Letter Files and Binding Cases  
in all styles.  
Rubber Bands,  
Pens and Penholders,  
Complete line of Erasers,  
Typewriter Ribbons,  
and Supplies.  
Business Envelopes and Papers.

Carr's Daily News Building.

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I., May 1, A. D. 1907.  
PHEBE E. T. MANCHESTER, widow, has this day filed in this Office her petition, in writing, to the Court of Probate of said Middletown, praying that she may be appointed Administratrix on the estate of her husband.

WILLIAM P. MANCHESTER, late of said Middletown, who deceased intestate, and said petitioner has applied to me to give due notice of the filing and pendency of her said petition according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in any way interested in said petition that the same will be considered and acted upon at the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-third day of May instant, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 18, 1907.

Estate of Patrick Smith.

REQUEST IN WRITING is made by John Smith, deceased, intestate, that Patrick H. Condon of said Newport, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, and that request is received and referred to the Sixth day of May next at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration and to be acted upon at that time, and to be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

## Don't Be Afraid.

Too nice for you? Best proof in the world you'd like to have it. Now just think up enough to ask the price, you'd find it isn't a bit more than what you are paying for things you don't like a bit, but feel you are obliged to put up with because you can't afford better. Remember this store is one of three that buys to bring you what you like best at what you like best to pay.

## HANDSOME PARLOR TABLES.

More than a hundred beauties, and so much littler priced than you'd guess. Take this one for instance—shaped top and shelf of beautifully grained mahogany, not imitation but the real thing, set on gracefully shaped French legs. Stores that can't buy as we can would ask \$7.50 for tables not nearly so pretty nor so well finished, for this one is polished like a mirror, yet it's only \$5.50.

## A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

\*\*\*\*\*

To owners of Real Estate in Middletown and Portsmouth. We have occasional calls for property in this section. If you wish to dispose of yours kindly let us know.

## WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.

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If you have a message that should be sent in a hurry, and you want to be sure it is delivered,

## USE THE TELEPHONE.

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## PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET.

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## Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SE. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Newport, December 8th, A. D. 1906.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 502, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the twenty-seventh day of November, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court the twenty-seventh day of February, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the thirteenth day of November, A. D. 1906, in favor of The Granite & Reynolds Company, a corporation created under the laws of said State of Rhode Island and located in said Newport, plaintiff, and against J. M. Hodgson, Florida, a corporation of New York, Charles F. Hodgson, Charles F. Hodgson, Sarah F. Spaulding, and A. Warren Spaulding, all of New York, in the State of New York, defendants, I have this day at 6 o'clock past 11 o'clock a. m., levied on the said defendants, or either of them, and on the 18th day of October, A. D. 1906, at 14 minutes past 10 o'clock p. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), to and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said County of Newport, in said State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded: All that certain tract of land with buildings and improvements thereon, bounded: Western, by the said Execution on the 18th day of October, A. D. 1906, at 14 minutes past 10 o'clock p. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), to and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said County of Newport, in said State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded: All that certain tract of land with buildings and improvements thereon, bounded: Western, by the said Execution on the 18th day of October, A. 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